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ART. I.—GIACOMO LEOPARDI: HIS LIFE AND
WRITINGS.

Epistolario di Giacomo Leopardi: e le Lettere di Pietro Giordani e Pietro Colletta all' autore. Raccolto e Ordinato da PROSPERO VIANI. 2 vols. Firenze, 1849.

FEW of our countrymen we imagine have read the writings, not many even heard the name, of one of the most remarkable men of modern Italy, who passed away to his rest some fifteen years ago, after a life into whose short space was crowded an almost superhuman amount of labour, of wrecked ambition, of sorrow, and of physical suffering.

Giacomo, the eldest son of Count Monaldo Leopardi and of Adelaide his wife, descended from the family of the Antici, was born on the 29th June, 1798, at Recanati, in the March of Ancona. The little city is beautifully situated on the crown of a hill which overlooks the lovely river Musone, and the blue waters of the Adriatic, on the one side; and on the other, the fertile plains of the March, with the snow-topped Appenines for their distant back-ground. Recanati was then, as it is still, one of the quietest and dullest of Italian cities; its streets narrow and dark, void of all architectural beauty; its inhabitants ecclesiastics, and persons of means as narrow as their minds. The young Count had several brothers, of whom Carlo, only a year younger than himself, was his chief

favourite. From their earliest childhood they were one another's closest confidants, sharing the same chamber, and taking part in the same studies, though in these Giacomo soon outstripped his brother. In disposition they closely resembled each other; both had most affectionate hearts, were trustful, modest, and ingenuous, but reserved and melancholy; in opinions they differed much as they grew older, and this occasioned frequent arguments between them, which did not, however, cause coolness or estrangement, though at times it prevented Giacomo from speaking as freely as he would otherwise have done, on the subjects which most constantly occupied his thoughts. His health from his earliest infancy having been very delicate, he seldom joined in the boyish sports of his brothers, but spent nearly the whole of his childhood in his father's immense library. In after-years he often recalled to memory those early times, when, after giving nearly the whole of the summer's day to his books, he would sally forth into the open air, and, sitting down on the grass, watch the stars rising over the old house. There he used to stay for hours, gazing on the sky, and listening to the distant melancholy croaking of frogs, whilst, every now and then, fire-flies would dart past him, and the evening breeze gently stir the cypresses on the terrace, or bring to his ear the quiet talk of the servants engaged at their labours.

At a very early age the boy began to display those wonderful powers which cannot but excite our astonishment and admiration, when the circumstances under which they were developed are taken into consideration. By the time he was eight years old, he had got far beyond the tutors who had been appointed by his father to direct his studies, and had taught himself Greek with the aid of the grammar of Padua. A new region was thus opened out before the mind of the young child; and at a period when impressions are most easily received and retained, he took possession of all the abundant and rich stores of the early and late Greek authors. In after-life he often confessed that he could enter more deeply into Greek thought than into either Latin or Italian; of this we shall see evidence throughout the whole course of his history, determining his character, and colouring every one of his writings; and this it is necessary to bear always in mind, in order to arrive at a just conclusion with respect to much that would otherwise be dark and dis-

trekking in the picture his life presents. At ten years of age he was liberated from both his tutors, though one of them read with him occasionally until he was fourteen; and now he plunged, without let or hindrance, into a course of study which he himself calls "*matto e disperato*." Already a master of Greek and Latin, he gave himself up to philological researches, in which he persevered for the succeeding seven years of his life. The first fruits of his studies were his *Commentary and Illustrations of the Text of "Porphyry de Vita Plotini et Ordine Librorum ejus,"* which he wrote in 1814, and presented to his father, together with his *Commentary on the Lives and Writings of Rhetoricians of the first and second centuries of the Christian era*. These works were followed, in 1815, by a *Collection of Fragments of Fathers of the early Church*: he also wrote an *Historical and Geographical Account of the Archiepiscopal Church of Damietta*, and a *History of Astronomy from its origin down to the year 1811*; but these two last papers the youthful author considered mere exercises, and they still remain as unpublished manuscripts in his father's library. The year was worthily closed by his treatise, entitled, "*Saggio sopra gli Errori Popolari degli Antichi*," which will for ever remain a monument of research and erudition; one proof of which is to be found in the fact, that it contains direct quotations from no less than 400 authors.

These years, so full of fruitful diligence, had not been given to classical studies alone; he had also taught himself English, French, German, Spanish, and Hebrew, in which language he acquired such facility as to be able to engage in a controversy in it with some learned theologians of Ancona. With English and French he made himself so perfectly acquainted as to be able to speak and write both languages with ease. On this wonderful progress the Count Carlo remarks that it was the result of unceasing application, and that on this point no one could give better testimony than himself; for that always sleeping in the same chamber, he used often to awake in the middle of the night, and see Giacomo on his knees, writing at a small table, until the lamp was quite burnt out. But even after hearing this, our surprise is scarcely a whit diminished to find that between his thirteenth and his seventeenth year he wrote no less than seven large volumes, on seeing some of which a learned

foreigner at Rome pronounced that the author, then only fourteen years old, would become a great philologist.

From 1816 down to 1837, when he died, the series of letters which he addressed to his relatives and friends affords us great help in tracing out the story of his life, and we have his brother's assurance that those who knew Giacomo will agree that these letters faithfully represent his character, disposition, opinions, and feelings. It is to be regretted that only a very few of earlier date than 1817 remain, since from them we might have gleaned, perhaps, some further particulars respecting that touching passage of his youth which is faintly shadowed forth in his beautiful poem, entitled, "*Primo Amore*." His friend Ranieri says that Leopardi loved twice during the course of his unhappy life, and each time hopelessly. We are also told that the lady to whom this poem is addressed still lives, surely to appreciate and pity, if she could not then respond to the affection with which she inspired him whom Love first made a poet. In another exquisite poem, "*Le Recordanze*," it seems as if he also referred to her whilst recalling those happy days of youth, when Nerina came as a guest to his father's house, and the old chambers resounded with the perpetual song which ever flowed from her lips as, lost in bright day-dreams, she sat at her embroidery frame. Hearing her sweet voice, he would leave his books, and leaning against the open window, listen to the swift movements of her busy fingers ; his eyes either fixed on the serene heavens or wandering over the pleasant gardens on to the distant mountains, his heart overflowing the while with emotions hitherto unknown. But his happiness in his Nerina's presence was not of long duration ; and in his "*Primo Amore*," which, together with two other pieces, are fragments of a poem called, not by the name of "*Amore*," but by the sadder one of "*La Morte*," he touchingly, and his brother adds most truthfully, describes its sorrowful close. How, the night before she left, he lay sleepless till the break of dawn, listening for the tramp of the horses which were to bear her away ; how, timid and silent, he at last arose, and leaning over the balcony, waited long to hear the last sweet tones of her beloved voice, which had scarcely fallen on his greedy ear ere it was drowned by the sound of the carriage-wheels rattling over the pavement. Now that she had gone, he continues, sadness weighed heavily

upon him ; no longer he loved to look upwards at the stars ; no longer delighted in the silent quiet of the dawn ; even his beloved studies had lost all their charm, and his only comfort was to commune in solitude with his heart, with his eyes fixed on the ground, lest aught, whether lovely or unpleasing, meeting his eyes, should disturb the clear image impressed on his soul, even as the breeze disturbs the calm surface of a lake. How long he continued in this state, we cannot tell ; but most likely his sorrow found no small alleviation in the sympathy he longed for so ardently, and received in such overflowing measure from Giordani, whose friendship he soon afterwards sought.

One of the first letters in the series collected by Viani is dated August, 1816, and is addressed to the learned Abbate Angelo Mai. Its purport is to request that he may be allowed to dedicate to him his Translation and Commentary on Frontone ; the three other letters, written the same year, are to Signor Acerbi and to Signor Stella ; the first respecting some articles he had sent to a journal, to which, at this early age, he had become a contributor ; the second, thanking Stella for the praise he had bestowed upon his translation of the first canto of the "Odyssey" and his "Treatise on Horace," and promising to supply him with papers on the "Halicarnassus of Mai," or the "Eusebius" of the same writer.

It is in February, 1817, he addresses his first letter to Giordani, that ex-Benedictine, whose friendship formed the chief solace of his life during many successive years. Leopardi's desire to become acquainted with Giordani arose from his having been tutor to his cousin, the Marquis Benedetto Mosca, who had been one of the friends of his childhood. Since then, they had only met once ; but the most warm attachment had always subsisted between them, and Leopardi was just about to renew their intercourse by letter, when tidings of Mosca's death were received. He was then fifteen years old, and buried in grammatical studies. Some time afterwards, he saw Giordani's name in the "*Bibliotheca Italiana*;" and the expression of which his cousin had made use in speaking of him, "that he was one of the first writers of Italy," instantly recurred to his mind. He sought eagerly for all the articles written by him, read them with delight, and every day felt a greater desire to know the author. At

last he made up his mind to write and introduce himself, by requesting his acceptance of one of his works. Giordani's acknowledgment of the attention was short and polite, nothing more; but Leopardi was so entranced at receiving a note that he answered it immediately, and poured out his whole heart. His first letter, he said, had been dictated by respect; this one would be by affection; he assures him he never writes anything without asking himself what Giordani will think of it; and that when he meets with anything in the course of his studies which delights him, but gives no pleasure to those around, he consoles himself with the thought, that Giordani's opinion will agree with his own. The letter concludes with the most lively expressions of affection, and the timid entreaty that Giordani would consent to enter into a correspondence with him. Giordani replies to this warm effusion in the same spirit; begs him not to apply too closely to his studies, lest his health should suffer, and congratulates him on the advantages he enjoys at Recanati, where, although there may not be many learned men, he has the benefit of a rich library, and, in his father, the society of a person devoted to literature. Nothing can be more touching or interesting, as a picture of Leopardi's life, than the answer he makes to Giordani's excellent and affectionate advice. He assures him he had over and over again entreated the Almighty to give him such a friend, but had always despaired of having his prayer answered; now he thankfully acknowledges his error,—henceforth he shall not feel alone in the world, if Giordani will only consent that perfect and unlimited confidence shall be established between them. Then he enters into particulars respecting himself, says that his health is not only failing, but has long been delicate to the very last degree, and that he will not seek to deny this has been in great measure owing to the pursuits in which he had been necessarily engaged for the last six years. Now, however, he cannot study for more than six hours daily, often very much less; he cannot write a line, and is obliged to read only such books as he can carry in his hand, for he is forced to study after the manner of the Peripatetics; more than this, he has frequently to endure for hours the torture of sitting with his arms folded, doing absolutely nothing. Then he passes on to speak of Recanati, where he says literature is a thing unknown, and the intellect

not reckoned amongst the gifts of Nature; where the names of Tasso, Ariosto, and Alfieri, require a comment when they are mentioned; where everything is in a state of darkness and death. That, beyond the members of his own family, no one takes any interest in his works, and in the books of other authors still less, although his father's library has not its equal in the province, and is open to all the citizens. "What," he exclaims indignantly, "is there of good in Recanati? what is there anyone would care to see or to learn? God has made the world very fair, our fellow-men have given us innumerable beautiful works, there are many amongst them whom anyone who is not mad would long to associate with, the earth is full of wonders, and yet I, at eighteen years of age, am forced to cry out, 'Shall I have to live and die in this cavern where I was born?'" Besides the want of sympathy and society, of which Leopardi complains so bitterly, he says the climate is unhealthy, moist, trying to the nerves, and altogether unfit for a person of his delicate constitution. To all this is to be added, the dark, obstinate, morbid melancholy to which he had become a prey, and which his solitary studies only served to increase. He laughs at Giordani for speaking to him of amusements, since at Recanati they are utterly out of his reach; he never even spends an hour amongst the society of the place, but he returns more disgusted than ever, and with sadder thoughts each time, to his books. In one word, there is no possible remedy, except to leave a spot which is the cause of all his ills, and which is continually embittering and aggravating his melancholy. The rest of the letter is devoted to a discussion on his studies, and it concludes with these words: "This is the first time I have opened my heart to any one: how then could I repress the crowd of thoughts?"

It was not until some further letters had passed between them, that Leopardi alluded more particularly to his family and to the treatment he received at home. His father was a Roman Catholic; and living near Loretto, which was only four miles distant, he naturally had his thoughts turned to the legend connected with the place. Being a man of some discernment, he could not quite accept the generally-received story, and wrote a book containing his own theory on the subject—a theory as difficult for the reader to accept as the old one. He was fond of certain kinds of literature; but,

in disposition and principles, quite the opposite of his gifted son. From his family he was continually expecting demonstrations of affection, whilst he ever kept them at a distance, and looked upon them as mere children long after they had arrived at years of discretion. His own comfort and ease were primary considerations with him ; and for the sake of maintaining this *santa pace*, he led his children a miserable life. Of the Countess Leopardi we hear next to nothing ; throughout the letters only two short notes are directly addressed to her, though almost all of them contain some affectionate message to her. Besides Carlo, another brother, Luigi, is mentioned, and a younger one, Pietro, a prime pet and favourite with his eldest brother. The most tender attachment also subsisted between Giacomo and his sister, Paulina, who appears well to have deserved her brother's love. Giordani speaks of her with much affection, telling her brother, in the first letter he wrote after having paid a visit to the family, that he always had before him that "sweet modest face, but that of her voice he had no idea," for the young girl was too timid to allow it to be heard. She was evidently highly educated, understood French and English, and entered with warm sympathy into her brother's pursuits. From the praise which Giacomo gives to her frequent letters, they must have been models of elegance and grace, full of fervour and Italian enthusiasm. The circumstances of the family appear to have been far from good during Giacomo's lifetime ; and this was, perhaps, one reason why they never left their home ; whilst the Count, proud as well as poor, never bestirred himself to put forward his sons in the world, though he did not object to others exerting themselves on their behalf. It is evident from all this, that Leopardi could have had but little pleasure or comfort at home, excepting what he derived from intercourse with Carlo and Paulina. Great though this alleviation must have been, Carlo's disposition was, in its melancholy tone, too like his own for him to be the best companion he could have had. In this respect, also, Giordani did him no good, for he, too, was deeply melancholy, and his health was in such a delicate, nervous state that it gave a morbid moroseness to all his views of the world. Leopardi was quite right in saying that solitude was not made for such as he, and that to it was to be attributed half his unhappiness : what he

required was cheerful intercourse with healthy-minded yet sympathising men, who would have drawn away his mind from preying on itself. The other half of his wretchedness he justly lays to the account of his health, which was reduced to a most pitiable state during the first eight months of 1817. He thus describes his mode of life at that time:—Rising late, because it was more tolerable to pass the weary hours asleep than awake; he walked up and down his chamber without once opening his mouth, or looking into a book, until dinner-time. Dinner over, he began to walk again, and this lasted until supper; excepting that between dinner and supper he sometimes managed to get an hour's reading, taken at long intervals. Now and then he enjoyed a little relief; but the truce was soon at an end, and each time was shorter in duration. Added to this, he was treated like a child, or rather like a baby, at home, and beyond its walls his name was never heard: thus, if he wrote to any one he received two lines in reply, one of which was made up of compliments to his father. Then he was often in want of books, and never being allowed a *baiocco* to spend on himself, he could not endure to ask his father to buy them for him; whilst, if he requested any one else to procure them, the only answer he had bestowed on him was a smile of derision. It is no wonder that, hearing these particulars, Giordani should have been anxious for Leopardi to leave Recanati, and that he advised him strongly to visit Rome, saying, he was certain the Count would feel he could not better expend his fortune than in securing the health and promoting the happiness of so dear a son. But he had yet to learn that it was no such easy matter for the poor youth to escape from a place which he had long looked upon as a prison; a place which had nothing to recommend it except the beauty of the surrounding scenery, to which Leopardi often alludes.

In the early part of the year he had sent Giordani his Ode to Neptune, accompanied with notes displaying wonderful erudition. This ode was published at Rome in June, together with two other Greek odes—the one to Eros, the other to the Moon. These compositions excited a great sensation; it was imagined that they must have been abstracted from the Vatican, and no one had any idea that they were the product of modern times, or the composition of a youth of eighteen.

At the beginning of 1818, Leopardi's health visibly improved, and, to his great delight, he was once more able to devote his mornings to the classics, and his evenings to Italian literature. For the first time we find him mentioning his personal appearance ; and it is painful to see how impressed he was with the conviction, that no one could be expected so to vanquish natural instinct as to love a person who had nothing outwardly pleasing about him ; yet none, we should think, could look at the sketch taken of his head after death, which is given in the volume of his poems, without being struck by its spiritual beauty. Viani tells us he was short in stature, fragile in frame, and bent in figure. His head was finely formed ; his forehead wide and massive ; his nose aquiline ; his complexion very pale ; his eyes dark, soft, and languid ; his mouth very expressive ; and the smile which sometimes crossed his lips, though melancholy, was ineffably sweet. A friend who knew and loved him in his later years, said he had never seen him laugh, and even in his youth he was never merry for long. His voice was feeble, but there was something inexpressibly melodious and persuasive in its tones ; his manner full of simplicity and ingenuousness ; shy, yet affectionate to all who treated him with kindness. Towards the end of the year it would seem that he and Carlo had formed a plan to visit Rome ; but soon after he wrote to Giordani, and told him their affairs were going from bad to worse ; that although their scheme was one which he had fancied it would be impossible to oppose, his father had set himself decidedly against it, and had even gone so far as to scoff at them as a couple of foolish boys whose wishes it was nonsense to consult. Driven to desperation, Leopardi exclaims that he sees the time has now come when he must act for himself. How and when he did so we shall ere long discover.

Leopardi had already proved himself to be a great philologist ; he was now about to give another evidence of his genius, and show himself to the world as a great poet. Already had his muse celebrated in melodious strains the beauty of the sky and of the lovely earth, already sang the sad story of his hopeless love ; now she had pruned her wings for a higher flight, and selected for her theme the land of his birth. As one to whom the images of Greece and Rome in their divinest days were ever present, the poet bitterly

laments over the misfortunes of Italy, her past glory and present weakness.

"Alas! my country, I behold the walls,
The arches, columns, statues, silent towers
Where once our fathers dwelt,
But where is glory fled?
I do not see the laurel or the sword
Our fathers bore. Of all thine armour robbed,
Thy brow is naked now, thy breast shows bare.
Alas! what wounds, what blood,
What pallor! Brought to this,
Oh, loveliest of women, thee I see,
To heaven and earth I call; oh speak, and say
Who brought her low as this. Yet worse, ah me!
Behold her arms are wreathed with heavy chains;
And with her hair dishevelled, face unveiled,
Neglected and disconsolate, she sits
Upon the ground, and crouching hides her head
Between her knees, and weeps.
Aye, weep! for thou hast cause, Italia mine,
To conquer nations born,
Alike midst adverse or midst smiling fate."

* * * * *

Then passionately questioning her, he asks where are her sons, that they do not arise to avenge her. With the mention of his countrymen his anguish becomes more poignant; he hears the sound of arms, beholds them fighting for the stranger, and indignantly compares their conduct with those of the men in those glorious days of old, when whole nations rushed to death for the sake of their fatherland. This affords opportunity for a beautiful episode, in which he pictures to himself Simonides with his lyre in his hand, and tears running down his face, standing on the summit of Antela, and singing with trembling voice, but in noblest verse, the praises of those who died on the plains of Thermopylæ. This episode lasts until nearly the end of the poem, which concludes with a pathetic lament over the contrast between the Greece of ancient times and the Italy of the present.

In a similar, but still more severe and melancholy strain, is the grand poem which he wrote at the same period, on the statue which the inhabitants of Florence were proposing

to erect to the memory of Dante. In both these poems there is wonderful imagination, great power, and majestic beauty ; his verse is perfect in harmony and melody of expression, his compression extraordinary, but never constraining the flow of his thought, nor causing a confused crowding together of images. Had he never written anything else than these two poems, they would have been sufficient to secure him an undying name in the ranks of genius.

Leopardi's prospects seemed to brighten but little at the opening of 1819, though Giordani had offered to speak in his behalf to Mai, who, he thought, would be able to procure him an appointment at Rome. To this Leopardi had consented, for he felt an effort must be made, and his only hope lay in his friends ; for he assured Giordani that as for his father, he would be quite satisfied to see him going on as he was doing until his death, and that, far from willing he should turn his education to some account, he was actually beginning to profess that he repented having allowed his sons to study, saying, in their presence, he knew by experience what evils follow in the train of knowledge. Amongst the expedients which Giordani proposed, was one for entering the Ecclesiastical Academy at Rome, a project which he thought the Count Monaldo would be more likely to approve than any other. But Leopardi said he was certain his father would not allow him an income sufficient to meet his expenses there ; nay, more, he had resolved not to give him a farthing towards his maintenance should he leave home, though he did not object to his going, if he did so at his own cost ; and he ended by saying that he was now beginning to receive it as an article of his creed that he never was to leave Recanati. Amongst other things which were occurring at this time to vex and harass him, was Count Monaldo's conduct about his poems. Montari, a friend of his, to whom he had sent a copy, wrote back to thank him for them, and in the warmest terms expressed his delight and astonishment, rounding off his praises by averring that the author bid fair to be the noblest poet of the Carbonari. This letter fell into his father's hands ; he was horrified at seeing such liberal principles ascribed to his son ; and fearing he might become more and more infected with them, he treated him with greater severity than ever. Added to these annoyances, his eyesight having

almost entirely failed, he was unable to attend to his studies and to work on the "Treatise on the Present Condition of Italian Literature," which he had long been anxious to write; although he confesses it would have cost him an immensity of labour and the necessity of referring to an infinite number of foreign books. These it would not have been easy for him to procure at Recanati; and even had he been able to get them from a distance, the difficulties in the way of having them sent to him were very great; for it appears that if he wrote to Milan for only a single book, he had to wait six, eight, nine months, sometimes a year, before he received it. His whole nervous system had also, by this time, become so much deranged, that he could not exercise his brain with even the most trivial subjects of thought; his strength was decreasing daily, and he mournfully exclaimed that his faculties were leaving him one by one. No wonder he felt his life to be frightful—"spaventole,"—that in his despair all sorts of mad expedients for escaping from his present situation suggested themselves to his mind,—that he should have attempted to run away from the place which he imagined was the cause of half his wretchedness, and the home where, ever since his boyhood, he had met with such severe and injudicious treatment. He had applied to a friend for a passport, had written two letters to be given to his father and Carlo, after his departure, and had prepared, we are sorry to say, implements for breaking into some casket or other, when his plot was discovered. Giordani, who appears not to have been aware of his intention until afterwards, wrote to say he was thankful he had not been able to carry out such a desperate project. Not that he did not deeply sympathise with the unhappy young man, but that to rush, as he was intending to do, on a world of which he knew nothing, could end in nothing but still worse misery than that which he now had to endure. He, therefore, entreated him to be patient; to remember, for his consolation, that his name was already widely known, and that he had not his equal in Italy for intellect and knowledge. He reminded him that at Recanati he had all the comforts which were indispensable for a person in his delicate state of health; that he had sufficient materials within reach wherewith fully to occupy his mind; and that he might still look forward to acquiring a

noble and extended fame. He asked him to try and fancy he was in a prison, but in one which was airy and salubrious ; where he had a comfortable bed, good food, and plenty of books ; and this surely was better than not knowing how to get food or where to lay one's head. Who could tell, he concluded, whether in time his father might not yield ; meanwhile he must endeavour to bear the evils of his lot, take care of his health, and study quietly ; a violent remedy would not cure his ills ; let him only exert his powers of self-reliance, and his fate would be easier to bear. To this excellent advice, and these affectionate expostulations, Leopardi returned an answer which is so exceedingly characteristic of his feelings and state of mind, that we will quote it entire :—

“I am so stunned by the apathy into which I am plunged that I know not whether I shall have strength to answer your letter. If, at this moment, I were to become mad, I believe that it would show itself by my sitting with staring, astonished eyes, with open mouth, and with my hands between my knees, without ever laughing, or smiling, or moving, excepting by force, from the place where I am. I have not energy enough to conceive a single desire ; not even for death, not because I fear death, but because I cannot see any difference between it and my present life, in which I have nothing but suffering to console me. This is the first time that *ennui* not only oppresses and wearies, but distresses and lacerates me like a bitter grief. I am thunderstruck at the vanity of all things and at the condition of man ; and all my passions being dead, extinguished for ever in my soul, my despair seems as though it were itself a nonentity.

“The studies in which you so anxiously urge me to occupy myself I have not been able to pursue for the last eight months, owing to the optic nerve having become so weakened and the nervous system so deranged that it is not only impossible for me to read or to give my attention to what any one else may read, but I cannot even fix my mind on the most trivial subjects of thought.

“My friend, though friendship and love are words I no longer understand, I entreat you still to wish me well, and to believe that I love you as far as I can ; that I will love you always, and that I long to see you. Adieu.”

So closed in darkness, physical and mental, and in bitterness which his own heart only knew, the winter of 1819. Ill-health, harsh treatment, solitude, and perhaps the exclusively classical nature of his early studies, all conspired to

bring him to the wretchedest, pitifulest state of mind into which, without sin, mortal man can fall; a state morbid, despairing, dark, with no ray of Christian hope to enlighten it: not one solitary gleam of belief in a future state, where justice would be done, and the reasons of all his sufferings made manifest, to give relief to the blackness which surrounded him. For years Leopardi had been endeavouring to solve the deep mystery hid in toil and sorrow; but his seeking, as all such seeking ever will be, was in vain; yet he could not see the folly of it, or learn, by his repeated failures, to turn to the pursuit of that higher wisdom in which he would have found the rest and satisfaction which nothing but trust in God and resignation to His will can give. But Despair had not as yet made her fixed abiding place in Leopardi's heart, for in his next letter to Giordani he owned that he still could love, that he felt he was not entirely dead, since his friend's letter had once more opened up the channels of affection. "Oh cara anima," he exclaims, "Sola infando mesuata labores di questo sventurato!" but before he reaches the end of his letter, he falls back into his old melancholy, and again speaks of himself as dead to hope and happiness. With the following spring, however, less desponding feelings come, and in a beautiful passage in one of his letters he describes himself as standing before an open window, looking out at the beautiful sky and the rising moon, breathing in the odorous air and listening to the distant barking of dogs; then old fancies throng thick and swiftly into his mind; his heart beats fast and faster, and, ever more Greek than modern in feeling, he calls with a loud voice on Nature, beseeching her to take pity upon him; soon he seems to hear her answering voice, and serenity returns to his bosom. He was able also to resume his favourite studies, and in the month of August sent to Giordani three poems, two of which had been written the preceding year, the third within the last few days. These *canzone* he had intended to publish on his own account, but had failed in getting together the necessary funds; he therefore wrote to Signor Brighenti to tell him that he had given up the idea of bringing them out. Meanwhile, his father had got scent of his intentions, and had written to Brighenti either to send him the manuscripts or to lay his *veto* on the publication. Leopardi discovered

this, and full of indignation, wrote again to Brighenti, saying he could not imagine how his father could have become informed of that which he had never spoken of, either to him or to any one else ; that he could only account for it, therefore, by supposing he had opened his letters—conduct at which he did not wonder, and would not complain of, since every one had his own peculiar principles about such things. In fact, it does not appear improbable that Leopardi was right in his conjecture, since, a long time previously, he had discovered that whilst the post seldom or ever failed to deliver him safely letters from his friends, those he wrote to them very rarely reached their destination. After indulging in severe invectives on his father's treatment of him ever since he had been born, and his determination not to submit to such *surveillance*, he desired Brighenti not to send the manuscripts to his father, but that, should he have already done so, and should they be returned for publication, with any the smallest alteration, he supplicated him to reply that all idea of publishing them had been abandoned. From a later letter to Brighenti, it appears that either his father afterwards gave him permission to publish the *canzone*, or that he did not make any alteration in them so as to render Leopardi determined to withdraw them. Only one, however, that addressed to Mai, was published at Leopardi's own expense. Another, entitled, "Nella stragio di una giovane," still remains amongst Brighenti's documents, and is mentioned in high terms by the Count Carlo. Thus this unfortunate business ended—unfortunate because it created a wider breach than ever between the son and the father, and added to Leopardi's desire to get away from Recanati.

In the autumn of 1820, Giordani again offered to interest himself on Leopardi's behalf, and to endeavour to procure a professorship for him. But the project never came to anything, chiefly, it would seem, because the Count would not bestir *himself* in the matter. In fact, as his son says, nothing seemed to interest him less than affairs which concerned his children. During the whole of this year his health improved so much, that he was able, during the winter, to devote himself to the writing of that treatise on Eusebius, which so greatly excited the wonder and admiration of Niebuhr.

Eighteen hundred and twenty-one was a year of compa-

rative comfort, and he now began to entertain hopes of bringing out a work on Philology, and especially on the five languages of which the meridional families of Europe are composed, viz., Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish. His intention in this was to benefit his country, for he felt that to raise her in public estimation it was necessary to begin at the foundation, to enable her to form for her use a really philosophical language, without which it would be impossible for her ever to have a literature of her own, or to keep her place among the nations. His plans respecting this work are detailed at length in his letter, which we have not space to quote here.

At the beginning of 1822, a year notable in Leopardi's history, as the one from which he dated his first absence from Recanati, he sent to Brighenti a translation of the *Batrachomyomachia*, which he had executed with his usual fidelity, spirit, and felicity; it was accompanied with numerous corrections and emendations, and was almost the last of his philological labours. Before November had reached its close, he had left Recanati, and was living in Rome; what it was that determined his father to allow him to go thither he does not say, but from an expression in Giordani's letters it seems as though it had been owing to the representations made by the Marquis Antici, who himself resided in Rome.

There would be nothing unreasonable in supposing, that now the so long and ardently desired object was attained, a change would speedily take place in Leopardi's feelings, and that happiness, to which he had so long been a stranger, would dole him out a portion, however scanty, of her stores. But it was not so; he carried his melancholy and morbid feelings with him when he passed out into the world, and only death relieved him of the burden. It might have been thought that a mind so imaginative as his, would have reveled in the scenes which now surrounded him; that his eyes would have delightedly dwelt on the sacred spots so long familiar to his thoughts, and that his soul would have been plunged into ecstasy, whilst contemplating the relics of old days, and the works of those great masters who made Italy again glorious in modern times. But he confessed with grief that none of the objects by which he was surrounded gave him any pleasure. He *knew* they were grand, but he did not *feel* it; he was dead henceforth to emotion,

to hope, to all bright visions ; even the patience and self-reliance, which had so long supported him, were utterly destroyed, and, a prey to the blackest melancholy, he found relief in nothing but sleep. Thus he wrote to his brother ; entreating him, notwithstanding, to love him still, sorrowfully owning that he had found the world was not made for such as he, and that he had learned now, by his own bitter experience, that gaiety and melancholy are fruits of every country. He abused the society he met with in Rome in no very measured terms ; he even went so far as to assure his sister Paulina, that the most stolid of their Recanati acquaintance had a larger share of good sense than the wisest and gravest Roman, and that the frivolity of these "*bestie*" passed the limits of the credible, of which he mentioned as an instance, that he had just been with a party of people who had been discussing seriously and lengthily the beautiful voice of a prelate who had officiated at mass the preceding day. Many were the praises bestowed on the dignity of his deportment, whilst engaged in his sacred functions, and many were the questions asked as to how he had acquired "so beautiful a prerogative ;" how long he had been in attaining it, whether he had not felt embarrassed at first,—and so on. The prelate answered, he had acquired his fine voice by having constantly practised it for years in the chapel ; that this exercise had been most useful to him ; that he recommended others to follow his example ; that he had never felt in the least embarrassed, and a hundred other absurdities of the same kind. Leopardi constantly complains in his letters that nothing was thought of at Rome but antiquarian researches ; philosophy, poetry, philology, politics, all these were subjects never mentioned. Latin and Greek were never studied, and yet the amusing part of it was, that, without a perfect acquaintance with these languages, the study of antiquities is impossible. Then the scantiness of the population compared with the immense size of the city offended his taste. If it were requisite, he said, for men to inhabit such large dwellings, separated by such great distances, the globe itself would not be large enough to accommodate the human race. Solitary as he had been at Recanati, he felt still more lonely there ; he said, that, to attract attention in a large city, was a desperate enterprise ; that cities like Rome were only fit for monarchs ; that, in a small town,

there is a certain relation between man and his surroundings, whereas, in a city, the sphere is so extended, it is next to impossible for one man to fill it, or make his influence felt: whence results indifference—the most horrible passion, or rather defect, to which man is liable. Inspired by these feelings, he exclaimed that, during the fortnight he had already spent in Rome, he had never enjoyed one moment of pleasure; not one drop of happiness had fallen on his soul, except what he had derived from his brother's letters. A month later, things were a little better; he told his sister he had been spending a pleasant evening at the house of the Minister for Holland; that the company was entirely composed of foreigners; the conversation, elegant, *spirituelle*, and in perfect good taste, and carried on in French; that the only Italians present were himself, his host, and a Roman who never opened his mouth.

Leopardi was not idle during the winter, but occupied himself diligently in an examination of the *codices* in the Vatican, in compiling a catalogue of Greek MSS., and continuing his annotations on Eusebius. One solitary pleasure he enjoyed in the early spring, and this was, a visit to Tasso's tomb, which he thus describes:—

"Wednesday, the 15th of February, 1823, I went to visit the tomb of Tasso and to weep there. This is the first and only pleasure I have known since I came to Rome. The distance is considerable, and no one goes to the place except to see the tomb; but who is there who would not come from America to enjoy the luxury of tears, were it only for two minutes? Many feel indignant at seeing the ashes of Tasso covered and indicated by nothing else except a stone placed in a little corner of a small church (*chiesuccia*). But I would not on any account have these ashes buried beneath a mausoleum. You will enter into the innumerable emotions which are caused by reflecting upon the greatness of Tasso and the humility of his sepulchre. But you cannot have any conception of another contrast, namely, that which presents itself to an eye accustomed to the magnificence and greatness of Roman monuments and the meanness and nakedness of this. Still there is a sad and thrilling consolation in the thought that even poverty such as this is sufficient to interest and to touch posterity, when those to whom the most superb mausoleums in Rome are erected are either thought of with indifference, or their names are not even asked, or are only known by their having given a designation to the tomb. Near the tomb of Tasso is placed that of the

poet Guidi, who desired to be 'prope magnos Torquati cineres,' as the inscription says. One can scarcely bear to cast a glance on his tomb, fearing to disturb the sensations which that of Tasso excites."

The likeness between the characters of the two, the similarity in their unhappy lives, occasioned, though it was, by different causes, will at once suggest itself; nor can we imagine a more touching spectacle than Leopardi weeping at Tasso's grave.

All Leopardi's letters home overflow with affection: to his father he is tenderly deferential; to his brother he opens his whole heart; to Paulina he writes with brotherly unreserve and affection; and to little Pietro with loving playfulness. In Carlo's pursuits he takes the liveliest interest, and greatly praises some sonnets which he had sent to him, and which he compares to the verses of Alfieri, between whose intellect and his brother's he thought he perceived a resemblance. Pietro has also his verses to send; and his brother, in congratulating him on having become a poet, begs him to give his respects to the Apollo who had inspired him. In answer to the question which Carlo asked him, as to what advantage he expected to derive from his journey to Rome, Leopardi answered, that as to getting an official appointment it would be but lost labour; the most he could hope for was to be asked to accompany some distinguished foreigner—Englishman, German, or Russian—on his travels, or to his home; that so far as this was concerned, his philological attainments stood him in good stead, for they caused him to be highly esteemed by the foreigners into whose society he was thrown. Among these distinguished men he especially mentioned Niebuhr; and of the meeting between the two, Chevalier Bunsen gives a very interesting account in the *Life of Niebuhr*:—

"I still remember," he says, "the day when Niebuhr entered with unwonted vivacity the office where I was writing, and exclaimed, 'I must drive out immediately to seek the greatest philological genius of Italy that I have as yet heard of, and make his acquaintance. Just look at the man's critical remarks upon Eusebius. What acuteness, what real erudition! I have never seen anything like it before in this country. I must see the man.' In two hours he came back. 'I found him at last, with a great deal of trouble, in a garret in the Palazzo Mattei. Instead of a man of

mature age, I found a youth of two or three and twenty, deformed, weakly, and who has never had a good teacher, but has fed his intellect upon the books in his father's house at Recanati; has read the classics and the fathers; is at the same time, as I hear, one of the first poets and writers of his nation, and is withal poor, neglected, and evidently depressed. One sees in him what genius this richly-endowed nation possesses.'"

In his preface to "*Flavii Merobaudis Carmina*," Niebuhr introduces Leopardi to his fellow-countrymen as one of the very few learned men of the results of whose labours he had availed himself. He also speaks of him as being a conspicuous ornament of Italy; and adds, that he is attached to the illustrious youth, not more on account of his wonderful learning, than his ingenuous nature. In Leopardi's own account of the meeting, he says Niebuhr had spoken to him in the most flattering terms, and had begged him earnestly not to forsake the study of philology, for that if Italians did not value him, the applause of foreigners would not be wanting. He had also requested him to say whether there was anything he could do to advance his interests; and finally offered to present a memorial to the Secretary of State, who, he hoped, would be able to secure him an appointment. A few days afterwards, Niebuhr wrote to say he had spoken of him to the Secretary, and advised him to send, without delay, a petition addressed to him, concluding his note by styling Leopardi his philological colleague. Leopardi had only a day to reflect on the proposal, as the Prussian minister was leaving Rome immediately, and he was puzzled what to ask for, since he had no wish to enter the ecclesiastical profession, though only in it could he hope for quick advancement; at last he came to the conclusion that the sole post which would suit him was that of *Cancellier del Censo*; he accordingly communicated his views to Niebuhr, and a petition was immediately drawn up and laid before the Secretary.

In May, 1823, Leopardi returned home, and one of the first letters he wrote thence was to thank Niebuhr for the present of a work, respecting which he enters into a long philological discussion; in conclusion, he tells him that the changes which had taken place in the Secretaryship of State owing to the death of Pius VII. had prevented him from reaping any benefit from the exertions he had kindly made

on his behalf, and for which he renews his expressions of gratitude. He spent the whole of the year 1824 at Recanati; and his letters during this period are principally on subjects connected with his *canzone* which he was about to publish at Bologna; amongst them was that dark, ominous poem of "Bruto Minore," which he afterwards affirmed to contain his settled and miserable creed. Of himself he seldom speaks; but that his home treatment had not materially changed, we may guess from his writing to tell Brighenti not to send him any packets addressed to his father's house, and to desire him to assure Giordani he had never heard from him without answering his letters at once and fully, so that if he had not received them, it was all owing to either the negligence or malice of the post. As to his health, it still continued very delicate; and though, in the summer, he told Giordani he was able to study every now and then, yet his strength often failed, and then he spent weeks and months in doing nothing but walking up and down his chamber. The nature of his studies, he told him, had changed also; he was no longer a philologist but a philosopher, seeking, he says, after truth—(alas! in the wrong direction); and now that his passions were extinguished, all he sought in study was the satisfaction of a vain curiosity. What a cold dark picture is this!—how terrible the glimpse it gives into the mind of a man who had lost all hope on earth, all belief in a future! Yet one can scarcely look on his Atheism as anything but a kind of madness.

Once more his longings to leave his prison begin to torment him, but he sadly confesses to Giordani that he had no hope of escape, for though he would gladly throw himself penniless on the world, and earn his bread by means of his pen, he has no means of getting off with only as much money in his pocket as would keep him from dying of starvation the following day. His deliverance, however, was at hand. It came to him through Signor Stella of Milan, who wrote to him at the beginning of the summer, inviting him to his house, and proposing to him to undertake a new edition of the Classics. Leopardi answered the letter at great length, and the result of the correspondence was, that he took his departure from Recanati in July, and having reached Bologna, where he said he should have been delighted to remain, so much the aspect of the city

and the kindness of its inhabitants pleased him, he arrived at Milan by the end of the month. But he was so greatly disgusted with the city, that he felt as if it would be utterly impossible for him to stay there a single week, and he sighed for Bologna, where, he said, he had made more friends in nine days, than during all the five months he had spent in Rome. He compared Milan to a species of Paris; complained of the air being more unpleasant to breathe than any one could conceive, and that he never could satisfy his appetite, for supper was a thing unknown, and dinner was often nothing more than an exercise of temperance. In Bologna, according to him, everything both in the material and the moral world was beautiful, nothing magnificent; in Milan, the beautiful, which does not exist to any very great extent, was spoiled by the magnificent. In Bologna, men were wasps without their stings, full also of warmth and cordiality; in Milan, they were as they exist, "*partout ailleurs.*" But at Milan he remained two months, occupied in studies which he declared he hated; without a single friend at hand, without anything to rouse him from the melancholy into which he had again fallen. Whilst he was there, he wrote a work in the style of Dante, a professed translation of the "*Lives of the Martyrs of Sinai,*" which deceived every one as to the period in which it had been written, so faithful was its resemblance to the style of the *Trecensisti*. On his return to Bologna, he entered into an engagement with Stella, the terms of which were, that he was to be paid ten scudi a month for all the works he had in progress, or in contemplation; added to this, he was to receive eight scudi monthly for teaching a wealthy young Greek the Latin language; and, lastly, he had settled to read for an hour and a half daily with the Count Papadopoli, a young Venetian noble, who was both rich and studious. In these arrangements, he assured his father there was nothing humiliating, for, at Bologna, nothing mean attached to the office of teacher: even Costa, a noble of Ravenna, had pupils, amongst whom was his young Greek friend.

Much as Leopardi was pleased with Bologna, he could not make up his mind to remain there altogether, feeling that, very likely, either through *ennui*, or desire to see his family, or home-sickness, he might be induced to return to Recanati, at all events, for some short period. And, in

truth, within a few months, his thoughts began to turn longingly homewards ; every day he sighed more and more to behold his beloved ones, and in his solitary walks round the beautiful environs of Bologna, he sought for nothing but scenes that might remind him of Recanati. However this may seem at variance with his constantly-expressed dislike of his home, it is really consistent with his impulsive nature, and with the morbid restlessness which made him wish to be ever on the move, until death put an end to his wanderings. It was about this time he received a letter from Bunsen, written at the request of the Secretary of State, to desire that he would not accept any appointment in Tuscany, for that the Pontifical Government wished to offer him the chair of Greek and Latin in the Sapienza at Rome. Leopardi determined to accept the professorship, but some weeks passed, and nothing further seems to have been done, except that Bunsen wrote to say the Cardinal Camerlengo, to whom the appointment belonged, had positively promised the Secretary of State that it should be conferred upon him. Before the year was over he had discontinued giving lessons ; the Venetian Count having been obliged to leave Bologna on account of his health, and "*Molto bene*," as he calls his other pupils, having tired of learning Latin,—“another of my pieces of ill luck,” is his melancholy comment.

At the beginning of 1826, he was still at Bologna, busily engaged on a new edition of Petrarch, with notes, a work he had undertaken at Stella's request, and which he had been obliged to lay aside for a time, on account of illness ; now that he was better, and able once more to stand at the table whilst he was writing, he returned to his "*fatale e amero Petrarca*," a task he hated, because he did not expect to derive any honour from the work, which he fancied would occasion him nothing but *ennui*, and the contempt of many who knew him, and who would laugh at his being engaged with such minutia. However, whatever he undertook to do, he did to the best of his ability, and the edition of Petrarch, with its annotations, is everything that could be desired.

Meantime, his father had offered to present him to a benefice, and many letters had passed between them on the subject. How, with his opinions, Leopardi could ever have seriously entertained the idea of taking it, is a mystery. He does indeed object to perform mass, but only on the

ground that it would interfere with the only hours his health permitted him to give to his studies. After a while, he decided that it would be impossible to reconcile his mode of life with the conditions necessarily attaching to the acceptance of a benefice, and, on the 24th of April, after thanking his father for his goodness in offering to make arrangements which would enable him to retain it, and to have the duties performed by deputy, he declined it altogether. It was subsequently given to Pietro, who had already been set apart for the ecclesiastical profession. Soon after this, he made his first and only public appearance, having been requested by the Academy of Bologna (though he did not belong to it) to recite one of his poems in presence of the Legate and the nobility of Bologna. The poem he chose was the one addressed to the Count Carlo Pepoli, and the applause with which it was received, the eagerness which every one showed to obtain a copy, pleased him greatly.

Although in writing to his friend Pucinotto, he had told him he was at last cured of his nostalgia, and knew not when he should leave Bologna, not a month afterwards he assured his brother that he had no pleasure in being in a great city; that he was even tired of praise, and longed for nothing so much as to be with him at Recanati; and we would hope he wished it as much for Carlo's sake as his own, for life without his elder brother at hand must have been lonely indeed to Carlo, as indeed we perceive from many expressions in Giacomo's letters to him. But Leopardi's residence at Bologna was prolonged and sweetened by his intercourse with a lady in whose society he appears to have taken great pleasure. They were united by the bonds of a most tender friendship; love was never mentioned by either, except in jest; she entered into all his pursuits, took the greatest interest in his studies, and conversed upon them with infinite knowledge and grace. They confided to one another all their secrets, sympathised in each other's feelings, and rebuked each other's faults; and so much had they always to talk about, that Leopardi says the evenings he used to spend with her, from the Ave Maria until midnight, seemed to be but a moment. So happy was Leopardi rendered by this friendship, that he exclaims with joy he has once more been awaked from the sleep, or rather death

which had lasted so many years, and can once more indulge in the hopes, and enjoy the sweet illusions, which he thought had passed for ever away from him. How long this intercourse lasted we cannot tell, for with the exception of a single letter the lady is never alluded to again.

It was in the summer of this year he brought out the first edition of his *Philosophical Essays*. These were his favourite works; and the fruits of the ambition which had made him strive to earn a greater name as a philosopher than as either a philologist or a poet. We cannot think he succeeded in doing so, and with his one-sided views of life it was not likely he should, notwithstanding the really philosophical cast of his mind. These essays are given in the form of dialogues, and are written with the intention of opening men's eyes to their real condition, and to the vanity of all things. This is the dreary burden of them all, with the exception of one or two in which he attempts to be playful. Whatever we may think, however, as to the doctrines contained in these dialogues, and in the "*Pensieri*," which were afterwards published, there cannot be two opinions as to the style in which they are written. It would be difficult to say in what its charm consists; but, perhaps, it lies principally in its perfect elasticity, and complete adaptation to every subject; in the freshness of its expressions; in its exquisite classical simplicity; and in its always saying everything in every possible way in which it could be expressed, and each way perfect after its kind. Reading his prose gives the same kind of pleasure which the flowing rhythm of poetry affords in other languages; it is the finest blank verse which ever was written.

In the autumn he paid a short visit to Ravenna, with which were connected some matrimonial projects for his brother; and on his return to Bologna, he received an offer from the Secretary of State of the post of Vice-Rector of the University at Rome, with the obligation of supplying three professorships, and of assuming the clerical habit. This offer he at once refused on account of the labour and responsibility attached to it, and the pooriness of the remuneration. At the approach of winter he resolved to return to Recanati; and proposed to Stella that, whilst there, he should undertake the "*Crestomazia*," a selection of Italian prose, afterwards extended to Italian poetry, as he should be better able to

proceed with such works in the quiet of his father's library, which contained almost all the volumes necessary for reference, than he could elsewhere. Accordingly, in November, we find him once more at Recanati; but he had not been there long, before, as usual, he was longing to get away from "such a villanous place, where he could not tell whether the men were more rogues or asses, but where they were, all of them, either the one or the other." So in April he set off for Bologna, and in June removed to Florence, where he spent a melancholy time, lightened, however, by the kindness of many warm friends. The weakness in his eyes had again returned, and he was consequently obliged to remain in-doors all day, only creeping out in the twilight, like a bat. In November he went to Pisa, a city which greatly charmed him. He dwelt with much delight on the beauty of the "Lung Arno," saying he had seen nothing so magnificent, so smiling, or so gay, at either Florence, Milan, or Rome. "Even in winter," he continues, "the air is balmy there; at certain hours of the day it is crowded with people, carriages, and equestrians; you hear ten or twelve different languages spoken; a brilliant sun lights up the gilded *cafés*, shines into the gay shops, and flashes upon the windows of the magnificent palaces." For the rest, Pisa appeared to him to be something between a large city, a country town, and a metropolis—a mixture more romantic than anything he had ever seen before; and then the pronunciation, a great charm to him, was exquisitely beautiful. Add to this, and in it lies, perhaps, the secret of his great liking for the place, his health had improved, his appetite was good, and he was very pleasantly lodged in a house overlooking a large square. Every day during the winter he was able to get out for two or three hours; and with the exception of a few cold days in November, the weather was like spring. But even in delightful Pisa his thoughts flew homewards. There was a certain beautiful walk which he had christened "*Via delle Remembranze*," and there, he tells Pietro, he was accustomed to go and indulge in day-dreams about those he loved.

In May, 1828, he wrote some sorrowful letters to his father on the occasion of the illness and death of his brother Luigi, commending him to God, (so instinctively, whatever be its speculations, does the heart in its need rise to its Author and Source,) and telling him that as for himself, he felt perfectly

resigned to the Divine Will. He affectionately entreated his parents to turn their hearts from dwelling on their loss, and in the tenderest way reminded them that as long as God wills we should continue on earth, it is our duty to take care of our health, not for our own sake, indeed, but for the sake of those who love us, and are dependent upon us. Soon after this sorrowful event had taken place in his family, he received an invitation to fill a professor's chair in Prussia, through the good offices of Niebuhr, who had never ceased to take the most affectionate interest in him. But he could not make up his mind to remove so far from his family, and he feared the rigour of the climate of Germany. Thus this last attempt to procure him an appointment fell through, as had done all the previous ones.

In the summer he returned to Florence, and in writing to Giordani, the dear friend of early days, whose love had ever been a "harbour of refuge to him, a pillar against which his wearied life had rested," "*una colonna dove la stanca mia vita l'appoggia*," he said that now he could no longer enjoy his society there, for Giordani had left some time previously, he would gladly get away from Florence, which filled him with nothing but melancholy feelings. But he stayed there until November, with his health in such a state that he was not able to make a single excursion, not even to Lucca or Livorno, and then returned to Recanati; not because he loved the place, so he told a friend, but because his father either would not or could not maintain him elsewhere. Some time during the winter Signor Tommasini, of Parma, to whom he had been writing in his usual complaining tone, took pity on his situation, and pressed him to come and take up his abode in his house, offering him an appointment, the professorship of natural history, which the Baron Ferdinando Cornacchia, anxious to secure Leopardi for the University of Parma, had requested Tommasini to offer him. Leopardi decided against it; not, it would seem, because he was ignorant of the science, but on account of his ill-health and the expense of living in a city such as Parma. So all the weary year of 1829 he spent at Recanati; during six months of it he was entirely deaf; he suffered also greatly from inflammation, and derangement of the nerves, which had been increased by hypochondria and the want of air and variety, to such a degree that he could neither eat nor sleep, write nor

read. He did not know what it was to enjoy a moment's repose, and was so changed in appearance that none of his former friends, he said, would be able to recognise him; in fine, he describes his life as a perfect purgatory, and in April 1830 complains that for the last sixteen months he had been condemned to a horrible death in life, a state from which he prays that God would preserve even his greatest enemies. In this state of health, and a prey to the deepest melancholy, he wrote his exquisitely beautiful poem "*Le Ricordanze*," and, on his partial recovery, the not less beautiful "*Il Risorgimento*."

When May came he left Recanati never to return, and with a sad heart went first to Bologna, thence to Florence, where poverty again assailed him, and determined him to endeavour to publish by subscription a volume of Poems; this volume he dedicated to his dear Tuscan friends, and in addressing them, he touchingly alludes to the unhappy life they had soothed by their affection. A little while before he had formally made over to M. De Sinner, a German, all his philological writings, and had entered into an agreement with him as to the payment he was to receive. But none of the works were ever published except certain *Excerpta* at Berne in the year 1834; why the rest have been so long kept back, we have no means of ascertaining. Leopardi's spirits were, however, so much raised by this arrangement that he spoke with delight of now being able to anticipate that, by means of his works, life and utility would be given to other immense undertakings which he had looked upon as destined never to be perfected. Never, indeed, by him, for his health had now so completely broken up, as to render study out of the question, and he sorrowfully writes to his father in 1831 that he fears he has lost his faculties for ever.

In October, he left Florence very suddenly, and went to Rome; the ostensible reason he gave was that he feared the winter climate; the real reason he hints at in a letter to Carlo, in which he says it is but natural he should be unable to guess the motive of his journey to Rome, when even his friends at Florence, who had many more data to go upon than he, were entirely ignorant of it. He begs his brother to dispense, however, with his recounting a long romance, in which there was much grief and many tears; but that some day, when they meet again, he may perhaps have strength

to tell it to him. Let it suffice now to say he looked upon his residence at Rome as a bitter exile, and that it was his intention to return to Florence as soon as possible. Such is all we hear of what may perchance be the sorrowful close of that *secondo amore* to which Ranieri alludes when he says Leopardi loved twice as never man had loved before, and each time hopelessly. He did not make any more intimate acquaintance with Rome during this visit than he had done on the previous one ; and the reason he gives is a sad one. The distances were too great to permit him to walk, and carriages he could not afford ; neither could he go into society, on account of his health. Still when spring returned, and he saw nature lovely there as elsewhere, he smilingly remarked to a friend that he was reconciled to Rome. In March, 1832, he left with scarcely enough money to maintain him a week ; and in the most humble terms wrote home for assistance. Soon afterwards he applied for an allowance of only twelve scudi a month ; and the letter which contains this request, and the explanation of his circumstances, is one of the most touching he ever wrote to his hard-hearted father.

So his weary life rolled on, unvaried by any incident except his being elected member of the Academy Della Crusca, which was the last tribute paid to his genius until the October of 1833, when he went to Naples, accompanied by his friend Ranieri, who never left him afterwards. The relief he experienced at first from the delightful climate and the change of scene was but slight ; and in April he wrote word to his father that he was undergoing a course of corrosive sublimate for his eyes. He generally resided in a house in the suburb of Capodimonte, except during the spring and autumn, when he used to go to a cottage which he had on the side of Vesuvius. It was through these means he tried to overcome the two enemies by which he was assailed, repulsing the attacks on his lungs by the soft air of Capodimonte, and the dropsy by the bracing air of Vesuvius. One of his great pleasures when he was at Capodimonte was to visit Magellina and Posilippo, Puzzuoli, and Cuma, and to wander amongst the catacombs ; whilst from his cottage he used to come down, and stroll amongst the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The novelty of the scenery, the delightful atmosphere, and the society of affectionate friends,

together with the visits he was constantly receiving from the many distinguished foreigners who were continually flocking to Naples, had a most beneficial effect on his health and spirits; and notwithstanding the many drawbacks from which he had to suffer, especially those connected with his poverty, these last years of his life were the serenest and the happiest he had ever known. He even sometimes looked forward with hope to his life being prolonged, and with his old pleasure formed many literary plans. With Ranieri's aid he occupied himself in preparing an edition of all his writings, the first part containing his lyrical poems; and these, the last efforts of his muse, are more full of mingled sweetness and bitterness than any of his earlier compositions. They abound also in the outpourings of a noble spirit, which strives to rise superior to bodily and mental suffering, and are full of passages of equal grandeur and beauty. Viani gives but few of the letters which he wrote at this period, and they are principally filled with lamentations over his poverty, accounts of his health, and yearnings for home; for the old beloved faces, and the tender ministrings which only there he could enjoy. In February, 1835, he assured his father he was doing all he could do so as to be able to leave, as soon as possible, a country which he styled semi-barbarian, semi-African, and where he was surrounded by a set of thieves. But his plans were foiled on account of his being unable to let his house at Naples for the remainder of his term, and by his having been cheated out of a sum of 219 ducats. In the August of 1836 we find from Ranieri that, terrified at the first announcement of the approach of the yet distant cholera, he was anxious to remove to his cottage on Vesuvius; he had, it appears, fallen a prey to a strange presentiment that the cholera was deputed to revive and increase his maladies, which for the present seemed to be subdued. At his cottage he, therefore, remained the autumn and winter; and though he suffered much from the bleak air, it is evident he dared not return to Naples; for in writing to his father, in December, he said that he had not ventured to go back to the city, because every one who visited it after a long absence was sure to fall a prey to the pestilence. After having suffered much from the cold, symptoms of dropsy began to show themselves, and at the beginning of January one of his legs had become twice as

large as the other. The expense of receiving visits from a physician in such a distant locality had prevented him from having recourse to medical aid, both then and in the following February, when he suffered greatly from an attack in the lungs. In March he went back to Naples; but it was not until some time after his return he dared venture out, and take the air and exercise which were so necessary to his restoration. As spring advanced he became a little better, and in May expressed his intention to leave for Recanati as soon as he could bear the journey. He was, however, anxious to reach home only that he might die there; for he had been long convinced, he says, that the period appointed by God for the end of his life was not far distant; and it is thus he concludes his last most affecting letter to his father:—

“I thank you and my mother most gratefully for your gift of ten scudi. I embrace my brothers, and beg you all to recommend me to God, entreating of Him, that soon after we have met, a quick and easy death may put an end to sufferings for which there is now no other remedy.”

Eighteen days afterwards he died; a few days before, his terror of dying of cholera had been increased, by learning that the German poet, Platen, had fallen a victim to it, and unfit as he was to stir, he was all anxiety to leave Naples immediately. Symptoms of dropsy now set in with greater violence than ever, notwithstanding the care of the most skilful and most esteemed physicians of Naples, and the vigorous and speedy remedies which had been resorted to: on Wednesday, the 14th of June, at five o'clock in the evening, whilst a carriage was waiting at the door to convey him (as a last and desperate remedy) to his cottage on Vesuvius, “life was stifled at its source, and with a placid smile he resigned his exalted spirit within the arms of his friend.”

Ranieri tells us his corpse was preserved as by a miracle, from the public sepulchre, to which all were condemned by the severe laws in force during the period of the pestilence, and was buried in the little suburban church of San Vitale on the road to Pozzuoli. In its modest vestibule his friend has erected a monument to preserve his remembrance. The inscription is—

AL CONTE GIACOMO LEOPARDI RECANATESE
FILOLGO ANMIRATO FUORI D' ITALIA
SCRITTORE DI FILOSOFIA E DI POESIA ALTISSIMO
DA PARAGONARE SOLAMENTE COI GRECI
CHE FINI DI XXXIX. ANNI LA VITA
PER CONTINUE MALATTIE MISERISSIMA
FECE ANTONIO RANIERI
PER VII. ANNI FINO ALL' ESTREMA ORA CONGIUNTO
ALL' AMICO ADORATO. MDCCCXXXVII.

It is painful to speak of his religious opinions—of the strange contradictions into which he was constantly falling, even to the very last. In order to place this contradiction (for it is more than inconsistency) clearly in view, we will quote a letter he wrote in 1832, and compare it with expressions scattered throughout his correspondence.

It is thus he speaks to M. de Sinner, who had been informing him of what was generally attributed as the cause or his atheistical opinions :

“ Whatever may have been my misfortunes, I have had courage enough never to seek to diminish their weight by frivolous hopes of a pretended and unknown future felicity, or by a cowardly resignation. My sentiments, with regard to destiny, have been, and always will be, those which I have expressed in my ‘Bruto Minore.’ It has been in consequence of this same courage that, having been brought, by means of my researches, to a philosophy of despair, I have embraced it entire, whilst, on the other hand, it has only been the weakness of men who require to be persuaded of the merits of existence, which has led them to consider my philosophical opinions as the result of my particular sufferings, and to persevere in attributing to material circumstances what they ought to lay to the account of my understanding alone.”

The poem of “Bruto Minore” is too long to quote the whole of it, but a passage or two will be enough to show its dark *animus* :

“Stolta virtù, le cave nebbie, i campi
Dell' inquiete larve
Son le tue scole, e ti si volge a tergo
Il pentimento.
* * * * *
Guerra mortale, eterna, o fato indegno
Teco il prode guerreggia
Di cedere inesperto ; e la tiranna
Tua destra, allor che vincitrice il grava

Indomito serollando si pompeggia
 Quando, nell' alto lato,
 L' amaro ferro intride
 E maligno alle nere ombre sorride.
 Spiace agli Dei chi violente irrompe
 Nel Tartaro. Non fora
 Tanto valor ne' molli eterni petti
 Forse i tragli nostri, e forse il cielo
 I casi acerbi e gl' infelici affetti
 Giocondo agli ozi suoi spettacol pose."

Now compare this with what he wrote to his father, only four days after the letter to M. de Sinner:—

"I have never been irreligious or revolutionary, either in theory or practice." Again, six weeks later on:—"If ever person desired death as sincerely and earnestly as I have long desired it, certainly no one has ever wished it more. I call on God as a testimony of the truth of my words. He knows what ardent prayers I have offered up, even to making 'tridui e novene,' that I might obtain so great a favour, and at the prospect of any near or distant peril my heart thrills with joy."

If we turn to his earlier years we still find him speaking after the same fashion. In 1813 he expresses himself thus to Giordani: "Such as I am now, I shall be until death, and even after death, if love towards our friends endures, such I shall be everlastingly." Yet in other letters, written at the same period, he says that his belief in a future state is quite destroyed. In 1822 he tells his father, "It consoles me much to think you are offering prayers to Almighty God to preserve me from the perils of the world." His last letter we have already quoted, and yet, at the very time he was writing it, he was engaged on the last canto of the "Paralipomena," in which he was doing his utmost to throw ridicule on the belief in a future state, and on man's responsibility. Many will exclaim that shameless hypocrisy shows itself here; an utter disregard of truth; that his real opinions were those contained in his letter to M. de Sinner; and that it was mere base truckling to his father which caused him to write so differently to him. May it not be that the expressions which occur in his letters to his father were flickering gleams of Christianity, which, like the sparks in a piece of burnt paper, unexpectedly travelled

every now and then across the withered blackness of his faith, only to be extinguished again, almost as soon as they were seen?

Only once is Christianity mentioned in his writings, when he speaks of Jesus Christ as having been the first to point out the world as the approver and teacher of false virtues, and the detractor and persecutor of true virtue. What his philosophical system was, may easily be deduced from his opinions respecting religion. His ideas are embodied in his *Operette Morale*, and in his *Pensieri*; we also find an abstract of them in a letter he wrote so early as 1823 to his friend M. Jacopssen, of Bruges.

To his literary opinions, it is a pleasure and relief to turn. He held translating in great esteem; he states that, when he was very young, his mind used to become quite uncontrollable and confused after reading one of the Classics, and he would then set himself to translate the passage to the best of his ability, when the beauties contained in it, being thus subjected to a long and calm examination, entered his mind one by one, and left him at peace. All his prose translations are admirable, both as to spirit and style; they are no mere engravings, but duplicate copies of the pictures themselves. He considered that to become a good original writer, it was necessary first to exercise the mind well in translation, but he also thought that no one could be a first-rate translator without being a good original writer; consequently, that a perfect translation was rather the work of age than of youth. In translating, he was not content with reproducing the mere language of the writer, but would take all the materials entirely to pieces, and out of them construct the work afresh, and never was satisfied unless the result gave proof at once of originality and fidelity. As to translating poetry, he repeated over and over again, that he had found by experience it was requisite for a man to be a great poet, in order to translate a great poet.

Speaking of composition, he told a friend it was his custom, before entering on any new composition, to read the works of an inferior author on the same subject; and that the consciousness which then forced itself upon him of his being able to do better, acted as a stimulus to him, and inspired him with courage. He said he was very different and

greatly inferior to every one else in his manner of composing poetry. He always used to obey the inspiration of the moment, and under its influence write down, at the time, the idea that was presented to him ; then he used to wait for another favourable opportunity, which often did not occur for another month or more. After this he began to set himself to the business of composition ; but with such slowness did this process proceed, that he could not finish even the shortest poem under a fortnight or three weeks. What a lesson to our young poets, if they would only profit by it ! As to the subjects he chose for his verses, none can read them without feeling that Leopardi was much more of a subjective than an objective poet ; but this rather adds to, than diminishes from, the interest we take in his poems. His style, both in prose and verse, was such as we should expect from a great intellect, from one who had studied his own as well as other languages with the greatest attention. The benefit he conferred on his country by improving its language, and bringing it back, as far as he could, to its old classical forms, has been gratefully acknowledged by many of his countrymen, and his influence has widely spread. Amongst modern Italian writers he looked upon Alfieri as holding the highest place ; and lamented the universal corruption which made his tragic style appear intolerable. He asserted that Italy could not boast any great lyrical poets ; and that the only Italian lyrics which deserved the name were the three *canzoni* of Petrarch — “O aspettata ; Spirto gentil ; Italia mia.” In one of his letters there is an interesting mention of Byron, whom he considers one of the few poets worthy of the century. Of Goethe he says, his memoirs contain many new and striking ideas ; but, like all the works of that great poet, they are written in such an obscure and confused style, and contain certain principles and sentiments so *bizarre*, so mystical, and so visionary, that they did not give him any very great pleasure.

Before we bid farewell to Leopardi, we will quote a few verses from the beautiful poem, “Il Risorgimento,” to which we have already alluded. And whenever, henceforth, we stand in thought before his humble grave, be it ours to take warning by his example, and, in love and pity, commend his spirit to the unsearchable mercy of his God.

"Methought, the sadness which had grown
To be my dearest joy had flown,
And left me desolate and lone
Amidst my youthful years;
The griefs were gone that once had wound
Their hidden chains my heart around,
The bliss my soul so long had found,
Could spring from nought but tears.

"How dark and silent, cold and dead,
My heart became when grief had fled,
How many bitter tears I shed,
How was my soul distressed;
And then at last my spirit froze,
Sweet love departed with its woes,
No longer sobs and sighs arose,
No longer throbbed my breast.

"Through blinding tears a dreary dearth
I saw o'erspread the arid earth;
Death circling life with icy girth,
Had won her for his bride;
By day no gladness in the light,
A fearful blackness marked the night,
The lonely moon had fled from sight,
No star or far or wide.

* * * * *

"Then midst my tears those sorrows sweet
Returned like shades and took their seat
Within my breast once more, and beat
With feeble pulse, my heart;
E'en fancy too, though weak and cold,
Began her visions to unfold;
And sorrow whispered, as of old,
That we should never part.

* * * * *

"Such I became, who once aspired
To heights of bliss, with ardour fired,
Whom blest illusions once inspired,
And richly fed each day;
The watchful swallow, flying fleet
Around the windows, glad to greet
The early dawn with warble sweet,
I almost wished away.

“ When pallid Autumn’s evening fell
Upon me in my lonely cell,
And gently tolled the vesper bell
The sun’s departing hour ;
In vain for me did Hesper still
Shine softly o’er the quiet hill,
The nightingale’s melodious thrill
In vain filled grove and bower.

“ And you, sweet eyes, whose furtive rays
Glanced here and there, nor dared to gaze
Upon the loved, dear eyes, that raise
The lover to the skies ;
And ye, white hands, which sought to twine
Your fingers soft and small with mine,
From torpor deep, your clasp divine,
All vainly bade me rise.

* * * * *

“ Ah now ! I feel in me revive
Illusions sweet, again alive,
Familiar fancies once more strive
Within my wondering sense ;—
To thee, my heart, alone is due
This last faint light, this ardour new,
My comfort all I owe to you,
Whate’er I have comes thence.

“ And now, though fortune, beauty, all
The gifts which men God’s blessing all,
Ne’er to my humble lot may fall,
Long as I live on earth ;
Should’st thou, unflinching, day by day,
Bear me along life’s weary way ;
Ne’er shall my lips be heard to say
I fain would curse my birth.”

ART. II.—THE ECLIPSE OF FAITH, AND ITS
AUTHOR'S DEFENCE THEREOF.

1. *The Eclipse of Faith; or, A Visit to a Religious Sceptic.*
London, 1852.
2. *A Defence of "The Eclipse of Faith,"* by its Author;
being a Rejoinder to Professor Newman's "Reply."
London, 1854.

Of the works named above, the first has been already reviewed in our pages, and *twice* from opposite points of view characterised.* To this circumstance allusion is made in a section of the *Defence*, and the inconsistency of the judgments passed held up to ridicule. At the risk of still further revealing to our readers the division of persons and opinions which may subsist within the limits of the mystic critical "*we*," this offence against the *unities*, to borrow and misapply a dramatic phrase, must be repeated.

We shall notice *The Eclipse of Faith* chiefly, though not exclusively, in so far as reference to it is necessitated by the contents of the *Defence*. The enthusiastic reception of the latter by a large majority of the critics who have spoken of it—by some from whom better things might have been expected—has been our chief motive in this attempt to display its real character.

As regards the style of our author, much need not be said. He claims the sanction of Pascal for his use of ridicule. ("Powers eternal! such names mingled!") We do not admit the parallel, either as regards the men or their subjects. The devout and lofty-minded Catholic might well entrust himself with a dangerous weapon, which he knew there was no fear of his abusing; our author has most signally disproved his right to any such self-confidence. Still less can we admit that the wickedness and ribaldry, the depraved imbecility, over which the author of the *Provincial Letters* asserted his privilege to weep or laugh, as his mood might be, bear any analogy to the faith and devotion at

* See *Prosp. Rev.*, August, 1852 (art. "Eclipse of Faith"), and November 1853 (art. "New Passage from Professor Newman's Creed").

which the author of *The Eclipse of Faith* sets himself to scoff.* As to the *opinions* of his opponents, his sarcasm does not touch *them* but the gross caricatures which he persists are faithful likenesses. If Pascal could read his modern pervert's vindictory exhortation to his readers to "read Pascal's immortal Eleventh Letter; if *that* does not convince you, I have nothing more to say," we fancy he would be inclined to point out the following slighted paragraph, as making all the difference between himself and the theologic jester, who *will* have him for a partner. He is speaking of the rules which "les Pères de l'Eglise nous ont données pour juger si les répréhensions partent d'un esprit de piété et de charité, ou d'un esprit d'impiété et de haine."

"La première de ces règles est que l'esprit de piété porte toujours à parler avec vérité et sincérité; au lieu que l'envie et la haine emploient le mensonge et la calomnie. *Splendentia et vehementia, sed rebus veris*, dit Saint Augustin. Quiconque se sert du mensonge agit par l'esprit du diable. . . . 'Il est du devoir des défenseurs de la vérité,' dit Saint Hilaire, 'de n'avancer que des choses vraies.' Aussi, mes pères, je puis dire devant Dieu qu'il n'y a rien que je déteste davantage *que de blesser tant soit peu la vérité*; et que j'ai toujours pris un soin très particulier *non seulement de ne pas falsifier, ce qui serait horrible, mais de ne pas altérer ou détourner le moins du monde le sens d'un passage*. . . . Mais ce n'est pas assez, mes pères, de ne dire que des choses vraies, il faut encore ne pas dire toutes celles qui sont vraies; parcequ'on ne doit rapporter que les choses qu'il est utile découvrir, et *non pas celles qui ne pourraient que blesser sans apporter aucun fruit*."

Both these conditions are systematically violated in *The Eclipse of Faith* and its *Defence*. Neglect of the first has given to these books their apparent controversial success; disregard of the second their literary point. We shall show that their author mis-states and misrepresents doctrines; garbles quotations, interpolating words which give the passage he cites reference to subjects quite foreign from those to which in the original they apply, while retaining the in-

* It is not a little strange, that writers so different in *spirit* from their master, as Gibbon, Voltaire, and our author, and so divergent in *opinion* among themselves, should unite to acknowledge literary discipleship to one diametrically their opposite in both.

verted commas, which are the proper sign of faithful transcription; that similarly he allows himself a licence of omission of the very words on which the controversy hangs, while in appearance citing *verbatim*; that he has recourse to the *fallacia accentus*—giving the emphasis of italics, which he has not the frankness to confess are not found in the original, to unimportant words in sentences detached from the context which would show their real bearing; and that he habitually employs a sophistry too artful (we fear) to be undesigned. May he not himself have been deceived, some indulgent reader perhaps asks, by the fallacies which have been so successful with others? It would be as reasonable to suppose that the grapes which deluded the birds must have deluded Zeuxis who painted them; or that the false curtain with which Parrhasius imposed on the latter, must have been to its artist also *bonâ fide* folds of solid drapery.

The controversial morality and validity of *The Eclipse* and the *Defence of the Eclipse* are too closely associated to be easily treated apart. We will consider them presently. In the meantime, a few illustrations of the author's eagerness, "*blessed sans aucun fruit*," to wound and grieve for the mere sake of giving pain, or showing his own cleverness, may be given.

Eclipse, p. 126. He says sarcastically of Mr. Newman, "*This most devout gentleman* sometimes quotes *with much unction* the words, for the spiritual man judgeth all things, but himself is judged of no man."

In his *Defence* the author apologises for, and promises to withdraw, the words we have printed in italics.* He says they were not intended in the sense put upon them, but to express "the preposterous incongruity of using the words of Paul to sanction a system which Paul would utterly have repudiated." Now Mr. Newman maintains that his doctrine and the Pauline are one, so that "the preposterous incongruity" vanishes, unless to differ in interpretation from the author of *The Eclipse* be *preposterously incongruous*. But further, the words in question *could not* have been used with the intention he feigns. The thought could not suggest such language as its vehicle; the two have literally as little connection as Tenterden Church steeple with Goodwin Sands.

* In his re-quotation he leaves out the phrase, "with much unction"! *Defence*, p. 6.

Imagine a man wishing to censure a misapplication of language, and yet finding no better way of doing so than by sarcastically calling the misuser "devout" and "unctuous."

In p. 419 of "*The Eclipse*," the author speaks of Mr. Newman as "*favouring the world with his views of religious truth*;" and taunts him with "recording his hatred of slavery and despotism, where such *magnanimity* is *perfectly safe*, and *perfectly superfluous*." In the next sentence, he doubts "if 'spiritualism' will *ever prompt men to do anything except to write books against book-revelations*."*

The author's explanation is worth giving in his own words. Of course no affront was intended. He knew nothing of Mr. Newman's courage, and *therefore* cannot have designed to sneer at it.

"I simply meant," says he, "to imply, by the sarcasm, that not even he can carry out, or would carry out, the theory which blames the Apostles for not adding to the proclamation of what they believed religious truth, a crusade against slavery, despotism and other political and social evils. Mr. Newman indignantly denounces the crimes of the House of Hapsburg—long may he be able and willing to do so;—but it would be no 'magnanimity' in him to proclaim the same sentiments in the 'market-place' of Vienna, or from the 'house-tops' of St. Petersburg, but sheer idiocy."†

Here again, how wonderful the correspondence between what the author *said*, and what the author "*meant to imply*!"

"Long may Mr. Newman be able and willing to" "denounce the crimes of the House of Hapsburg;" "long may he be able and willing to do" what is "perfectly superfluous!" Coherent ejaculations!

The controversial courtesy of the following deserves attention: P. 4. "And so, instead of stopping at any of those miserable road-side inns between Christianity and Scepticism, through whose ragged windows all the winds of heaven are blowing, and whose 'gaudy' signs assure us there is good entertainment within for '*man and beast*,'—WHEREAS IT IS ONLY FOR THE LATTER,—Harrington still travelled on," &c.‡

* The italics are our own. In p. 416, he similarly insists on Mr. Newman's "*safety*" as the condition of his denunciations.

† "Defence," p. 164.

‡ The italics in this extract, and the preceding citations, are chiefly our own.

Taunts such as the annexed we notice only for the sake of pointing out the gross injustice they involve.

P. 48. "No; but nevertheless we shall see so-called sacred dogma and history exploded, for Mr. Newman—"

"—Thinks so, of course; and he must be right, because he has never been known to be wrong in any of his judgments, or ever to vary in them."

P. 72. "Mr. Newman may be more readily excused than most men for the strength with which he pronounces his opinions; for as he has passed through an infinity of experiences, it may have given him 'insight' into many absurdities which, to the generality of mankind, do not appear such. I think if I had believed half so many things, I should have lost all confidence in myself. What a strong mind, or what a buoyant faith he must have!"

"Both—both," said Fellowes.

The same desire to prejudice his opponents' cause by vilifying their intellectual character is indicated by the advocates whom the writer selects to represent the opinions he attacks. The utterly fatuous Fellowes, and a set of hair-brained youths from College, in a *furor* of hero-worship, are the only antagonists he admits. Bringing prominently forward the imbecility of his '*dramatis personæ*,' he covertly predisposes his readers to accept without questioning, and as faithful versions, the monstrous caricatures, or rather the entirely discrepant and preposterous doctrines, which he chooses to substitute for a true statement. The perpetual sallies of jest and banter which characterise the *Defence* have probably another origin. "If a Sophist," says Archbishop Whately, "has to defend one who has been guilty of some *serious* offence, which he wishes to extenuate, though he is unable distinctly to prove that it is not such, yet if he can succeed in *making the audience laugh* at some casual matter, he has gained practically the same point."*

Our limits will not allow us further to dwell on the tone and methods of controversy exhibited and adopted by our author. The extracts we have given above are not exceptional; they represent faithfully and faintly the spirit of the book whence they are taken. Hardly a page is free from

* "Elements of Logic," b. iii. s. 15.

some scoff or sneer. The *sole* question does not, as the writer would have it, turn on the truth of his statements, the fairness of his quotations, and the good faith of his arguments. Other considerations, as the preceding paragraph may show, claim to be taken into account. But the points to which he would confine the controversy, are, we admit, the principal, and to them we now apply. We shall notice, *first*, the topics of speculative theology on which he is at issue with Mr Newman. The chief of these relates to the possibility and use of "an authoritative external revelation of moral and spiritual truth," and the necessity of a fixed basis of ethical conviction as the logical antecedent of any valid belief in a Holy God. The passage on which the controversy turns is the following from Newman's Essay on *The Soul*:—

"No heaven-sent Bible can guarantee the *veracity* of God to a man who doubts that veracity. Unless we have independent means of knowing that *God knows the truth, and is disposed to tell it to us*, his word (if we be ever so certain that it is really his word) might as well not have been spoken. But if we know, independently of the Bible, that God knows the truth, and is disposed to tell it to us, obviously we know a great deal more also: we know, not only the existence of God, but much concerning his character. *For* only by discerning that He has virtues similar in kind to human virtues, do we know of his truthfulness and goodness. Without this *a priori* belief, a book-revelation is a useless impertinence: hence no book-revelation can, without sapping its own pedestal, authoritatively dictate laws of human Virtue, or alter our *a priori* views of the Divine Character. The nature of the case implies, that the human mind is competent to sit in moral and spiritual judgment on a professed revelation, and to decide (if the case seem to require it) in the following tone:—This doctrine attributes to God what we should all call harsh, cruel, or unjust in Man—it is therefore intrinsically inadmissible; for, if God may be (what we should call) cruel, he may equally well be (what we should call) a liar; and if so, of what use is his Word to us? *And in fact*, all Christian apostles and missionaries, like the Hebrew prophets, have always refuted Paganism by direct attacks on its immoral and unspiritual doctrines; and have appealed to the consciences of heathens, as competent to decide in the controversy. Christianity itself has *thus* practically confessed what is theoretically clear, that an authoritative external revelation of moral and spiritual truth is essentially impossible to man. What God reveals to us he reveals *within*,

through the medium of our moral and spiritual senses. External teaching may be a training of those senses, but affords no foundation for certitude."*

The fullest extracts given by the author of *The Eclipse* from the preceding, stood thus:—

"Mr. Newman says, '*What* God reveals to us he reveals *within*, through the medium of our moral and spiritual senses.' 'Christianity itself has practically confessed, what is theoretically clear'—you must take his word for both—that an authoritative *external* revelation of moral and spiritual truth is essentially impossible to man.' 'No book-revelation can (without sapping its own pedestal), authoritatively dictate laws of human virtue, or alter our *a priori* view of the divine character.'"[†]

Contrasting this mutilated version with the original, Mr. Newman points out the insertion of the clause, "*you must take his word for both*," and adds:—

"He thus informs his reader that I have dogmatised without giving reasons. And to deceive the reader into easy credence, he dislocates my sentences,—alters their order, omits an adverb of inference, and isolates three sentences out of a paragraph of forty-six closely-printed lines, which carefully reason out the whole question."[‡] "The first six sentences carefully prove that a book guaranteed by God is worthless to a man who has no convictions concerning the heart of God, and in consequence, that it is necessarily incapable of overturning and reversing moral judgments. After thus *proving* it to be 'theoretically clear,' I add, '*And in fact, &c.,*' and go on to show how Christians have actually proceeded. Then I sum up, 'Christianity itself has *thus* practically confessed what is theoretically clear, &c.' The omission of the word *thus* by this author, shows his deliberate intention to destroy the reader's clue to the fact that I had given proof where he suppresses it, and says that I have given none. The sentences quoted as 1, 2, 3 by him, with me have the order 3, 2, 1. What he places first is with me an immediate and necessary deduction from what has preceded."[§]

We need add nothing more to this, except that the author of *The Eclipse* does not deny the facts, though, of course,

* "Soul," 3rd ed., pp. 40, 41; quoted in "Phases of Faith," 2nd ed., pp. 189, 190, both published in Chapman's "Library for the People."

† "Eclipse," p. 119.

‡ "Phases," p. 189.

§ Ibid., p. 190.

he protests against Mr. Newman's interpretation. The argument he had based, in his former work, upon the garbled extracts, was to the following purport: that what man can do to a lesser extent, God may do to a greater; that if human discipline can, without dogmatic statement, educate the mind to a perception of truth, Divine agencies may do the same; that "whatever Mr. Newman does" by his books "(and it amounts, in *fact*, to revelation), that *may* the Bible also do."* This it is impudently pretended that Mr. Newman, in effect, denies, implicitly maintaining that "that may be possible with Man which is impossible with God;"† and Fellowes is sarcastically invited to "admire the divine artifice, by which, when it was impossible for God *directly* to tell man that he could *directly* tell him nothing, He raised up his servant Newman to perform the office."‡ The evidence on which these monstrous propositions are attributed to Mr. Newman, is the long passage already quoted, or rather the three sentences of it which the critic found it convenient to tear from their context. His original refutation, which he still maintains is valid, was simply a development of the concluding and *uncited* words of Mr. Newman, which the tenor of what precedes shows to refer to *divine* agency: "EXTERNAL TEACHING MAY BE A TRAINING OF THESE (our moral and spiritual senses), BUT AFFORDS NO FOUNDATION FOR CERTITUDE." Passages to a similar effect are cited by Mr. Newman in his vindictory chapter, in reply to which the author of *The Eclipse* alleges confused self-contradiction,—whether justly or not will be seen. We know of no writer who has so often availed himself, within the same compass, of the ambiguity of words, as our orthodox champion. In this instance he takes advantage of the double meaning of the word *authoritative*. His opponent had written:—

"If Mr. Fellowes has made *me* authoritative, how can I be absurd enough to make difficulties about adopting Paul, or Mark, or Jonah, or Esther as authoritative? But no! Surely the author means merely that Mr. Fellowes found my book *instructive*? If so, with what sort of honesty can he pretend that I do not admit the Bible to be *instructive*."

* "Eclipse," p. 89.

† Ibid. p. 73.

‡ Ibid. p. 81.

After referring to grateful acknowledgments of the Scriptures, of hymns, and of prose works, "as *eminent spiritual aids*," and to a previous remark that "it is needless to say a word more on a subject which EVERY ONE so well appreciates," he proceeds:—

"After this, it is pretended that I cannot become myself a spiritual aid to Mr. Fellowes, or (as the facetious author styles it) 'an infinite benefactor to him,' without overthrowing my own doctrine; which is,—that if an angel from heaven bade me to lie, and to steal, and to commit adultery, and to murder, and to scoff at good men, and usurp dominion over my equals, and do unto others everything that I wish *not* to have done unto me, I ought to reply, BE THOU ANATHEMA! This, I believe, was Paul's doctrine; this is mine; for this I am garbled, misrepresented and giped at by one who is greatly shocked that I do not honour Paul and the Bible enough."^{*}

After this explicit statement by Mr. Newman of what his doctrine really is—a statement satisfactory not merely as an *éclaircissement ex-post-facto* of an equivocal passage, but as a reproduction of the substance of a (to a candid interpreter) clear and unmistakable one—the author of *The Eclipse* has the effrontery to present the following as a confutation. We may add that we can find no other passage which presents any additional argument. What remains of his diffuse rejoinders, on this point, is either illustration or repetition of the sophism:—

"It appears that a convenient distinction is to be made between what is morally and spiritually *instructive*, and what is morally and spiritually *authoritative*." [The reader will observe that the last expression, "morally and spiritually *authoritative*," is not Mr. Newman's, nor has he anything equivalent to it.] "I answer, in sound only; not in meaning. For to convince any one, who believes in a God and moral and spiritual truth at all, of any moral and spiritual truth—no matter how the man who imparts it, came by it—whether he got it direct from heaven, or it has percolated through a hundred minds before it reached his—is *ipso facto* to make it authoritative in the sense that it is felt it ought to have authority; though whether it will *have* it will depend marvellously upon whether it be believed to come certainly and immediately from God or not. He who knows what he means when he talks of *God* and his *claims*—*man* and his

* "Phases," p. 191.

duty—will smile at the paradox of any moral or spiritual truth being proved to him—no matter how or by whom—while yet it is considered optional with him, whether he shall regard it as merely instructive and *not* authoritative! This *experimentum crucis*, therefore, which Harrington proposes to Mr. Fellowes, remains just as it was. Fellowes acknowledges that he once thought, as did Mr. Newman, that various current doctrines of Christianity were true; but confesses, as does Mr. Newman, that he sees them to be wholly false, and (like that of a Mediator) morally ‘mischievous.’ If so, the new light must be *authoritative* with him. Well then, if Mr. Newman can thus communicate truth, which is not only *instructive*, but, being ‘spiritual and moral,’ must, in the nature of things, be felt to be authoritative (whether obeyed or not), much more is it possible, one would imagine, for God to do the like—to do it infinitely better, and to do it with infinitely greater probability of its being, as well as *being acknowledged* to be, authoritative, as Christians believe he has done. But Mr. Newman says, it is impossible that such a revelation can be given. *Therefore*, the reasoning remains that Mr. Newman has given that to Mr. Fellowes which it appears God could not himself give to Mr. Newman.”*

Mr. Newman says nothing of the kind here attributed to him. The *reductio ad absurdum* in the above is not of his doctrine, but of another which the author has dared to substitute for it. To deny the possibility of “an *authoritative external revelation* of moral and spiritual truth,” is a very different thing from denying that revealed (“no matter how or by whom”) moral and spiritual truth is *authoritative*. There are two senses, easily exemplified, in which the words *authority*, *authoritative*, &c., are used. They must be discriminated, in any given instance, by the candour and intelligence of the reader. We say, “He spoke to me in an overbearing and *authoritative* tone, which I felt disposed to resent;” “he assumed airs of *authority* not at all becoming,” and so on. Again, with equal propriety, though with widely diverse signification, we may say, “I feel everything that comes from so holy a being to be *authoritative* with me;” “his opinion in such points carries great *authority* with it;” “reason and conscience are *authoritative* in their own spheres,” &c. Of the two meanings which we have thus illustrated—(1) dictatorial and dogmatic, and (2) intrinsically obligatory and convincing—it is evident which is

* “Defence of The Eclipse of Faith,” p. 90.

Mr. Newman's. The whole tenor of the single passage on which the author of *The Eclipse* bases his misrepresentations points to the former; and there are many specific expressions not less decisive. Mr. Newman speaks of the whole discussion as relating to "*authoritative imposition of belief concerning moral truth*,"* where the epithet designates, not the effect of belief, but the manner of conveying it. Is it maintained that *in the sense insisted on in The Eclipse*, and *Defence*, there can be such a thing as *authoritative imposition*? Hardly will so gross an absurdity be resorted to. It can scarcely be necessary to remind our readers that Mr. Newman's expression is not "*imposition of authoritative belief*," which, to answer his opponent's purpose, it should be. To take one more instance, a crucial one, Mr. Newman charges on his censor's principles, of subordinating conscience to external demands, that, legitimately developed, they would be "*efficacious to drive men into Popery, or any authoritative system of iniquity whatsoever*."† Let any one try to read for "*authoritative*," in this sentence, "*morally and spiritually instructive*," or intrinsically obligatory. The passage in which Mr. Newman contemplates the case of wicked injunctions from an (apparently) Divine messenger, shows that he holds no authoritative external revelation to be capable of over-riding principles "*morally and spiritually authoritative*," and points out the divergent meaning of the two expressions. The words "*external revelation*," which the author of *The Eclipse* identifies with revelation coming through external channels, as opposed to direct inspirations from the Divine into the human mind, is used by Mr. Newman to express communications which not only come from without, but *remain* beyond the sphere of the reason and conscience, which carry with them no intrinsic recommendation, which appeal directly to the *will*, and rely on the assumed *power*, rather than *goodness* or *wisdom* of their alleged source. The very term *external revelation* indeed is, *strictly speaking*, an absurdity, no less than Dr. Thomas Brown's phrase, "*external states of the human mind*." Nothing is disclosed, of course, till apprehended; and nothing can be apprehended except *within*. So that if the author of *The Eclipse* had accused his opponent of uttering

* "Phases," p. 188.

† Ibid. p. 196.

a truism rather than a paradox, he would have had a more plausible case. As regards moral and spiritual truth, like everything else, it can be recognised only *within* the mind, and so recognised only by the *moral and spiritual faculties*; just as in the perception of outward realities, *light* must address itself to the *eye*, and *sound* to the *ear* alone. The neglect of these considerations, the apparent fancy that the ethical and religious significance of a proposition is physically wrapped up in the written signs or audible tones which are its medium, and that it is conveyed when these are delivered, appears tacitly to underlie current orthodox conceptions. It is Mr. Newman's credit to have vividly recalled to men's minds the truth that "*spiritual* things must be *spiritually discerned*," and that, till they are so, they are no more spiritual in significance than the sublime strains of Milton are poetry to the dull, or the undulations of the air sound to the deaf. In the fourth page of his *Defence*, the writer attributes to Mr. Newman unconditional denial of the possibility of "an authoritative external revelation." Mr. Newman's denial is confined to the case of a revelation "*of moral and spiritual truth*." How little he questions the possibility of the communication *ex-cathedra* of facts transcendental to human consciousness, any careful readers of his books might have discerned.* He nowhere makes any attempt to determine what a (supposed) revelation from God *must* or *may* contain, but merely within certain limits, what it *may not*, without disproving its alleged original. He lays down certain negative conditions which must be applied to test the source of any supernatural communication; to decide whether it be diabolic or divine. And this brings us to another misrepresentation (either grossly ignorant or grossly dishonest) contained in the *Defence of The Eclipse*.

The author, speaking of his opponent, says:—

"He still asserts, it seems, that no external revelation can alter our *a priori* notions of the Deity, or dictate laws of virtue. If there be, then, *a priori notions*, did I do his views injustice? Must not these *a priori* notions already exist before the revelation is

* See "Phases of Faith," pp. 90, 91, in which he lays down the conditions under which evidence would be valid of "a supernatural revelation, a revelation *not* of moral principles, but of outward facts and events, supposed to be communicated in a mode wholly peculiar and unknown to common men."

given; and since they cannot be altered by it, must they not 'anticipate, and supersede by anticipating, that revelation?' The fallacy consists in confounding *notions* with *capacities* for arriving at them."*

The fallacy consists in no such thing, and, except as perpetrated by himself, is a figment of the author's. He here confounds what the veriest tyro in logic and metaphysics knows to be distinct, *innate ideas* and *a priori notions*. Locke disproved the existence of the one; the reality of the other is not denied except by a small section of thinkers, to whom the writer does *not* belong—sensationalists and positivists, the disciples of Hume, the Mills, and Comte. When it is maintained that mathematical truth is *a priori* (as was recently done in an able article in the *Edinburgh Review* on DESCARTES, with which the writer of *The Eclipse* may be acquainted), it is not meant that the infant enters the world with the axioms and propositions of Euclid present to its thoughts, so that no new knowledge can be communicated, nor mistakes made which require correction. *A priori* though they be, an external discipline is needful for the apprehension of the sciences of space and number. What is meant is, that the truths with which they deal are, *when discerned*, self-evident; that they shine by their own light, that they are not the gradual results of induction; that therefore no *authority*† can supersede, no experience be found to invalidate, them. So with regard to ethics: the *a priori notions* of Mr. Newman are those great principles of moral right and wrong, which, with infinite errors of detail, human nature has always recognised;‡ and for the development and elaboration of which he by no means denies the *possibility* of a special divine training, through the discipline of outward circumstances, or the pages of an inspired book. Here, as in his use of the word authoritative, the *Defender*, not of *the Faith*, but (appropriately enough,) of its *Eclipse*, palters with us in a double sense. The distinction of *logical* and *chronological priority* is a common-place of philosophy. The very

* "Defence," p. 94.

† Mr. Newman's use of the word authority—he says, "*authoritatively* dictate"—(the author of "*The Eclipse*" omits the adverb)—must be remembered.

‡ This appears to be distinctly allowed in "*The Eclipse*," pp. 184—5. An opposite dogma is put into the mouth of one "who had gone further" than Deism, and ridiculed as "the bathos of logical and ethical absurdity."

terms are in habitual use. From Aristotle down to Hamilton and Cousin, *the first in the order of time, and the first in the order of thought, tempore and naturâ*, have been discriminated. And the technical and appropriate use of the word *a priori* is to express the *latter*. Our readers will be able to judge how well qualified the author is to sneer at Mr. Newman's metaphysics, which are far more accurate than his own, or to ridicule his logic. The tone of contempt which he habitually assumes preposterously reverses the relative intellectual *status*, so far as sound systematic thought is concerned, of the two men.

The author's vindication of the consistency of his theology with a belief in the perfect morality of God is far from satisfactory. It involves, indeed, one or two manifest contradictions. He censures Mr. Newman for asserting that the recognition of moral distinctions is *more fundamental* than the acknowledgment of a good God.* He maintains that though the traces of Infinite Wisdom and Power are discernible in the natural world, the perfect and unlimited Holiness of the Creator needs "an *external* revelation" for its full establishment. The absurdity of this is extreme. It is to assume and doubt, in the very same instant, the very same proposition; to infer a truth from a premiss, which itself depends upon that truth. If we are uncertain of God's perfect goodness, we cannot receive His testimony to it as all decisive; for this would be like allowing a man to bear witness to his own character, when that character is the very point in question. Moreover, since the discernment of an attribute is *logically* the antecedent, the very condition, of the discovery that a particular Being possesses that attribute, the apprehension of *right* must precede the belief in a *righteous* God. If to the Atheist "a fixed basis of morality" be "a quicksand," the Theist's conviction of a perfect concrete Holiness is a dream and delusion. The *foundation* may be of little value without the superstructure for the sake of which it is laid; it may be hidden under the surface of life, and give no indication of its presence; still it is there, and the most ambitious builder cannot do without it, unless he would raise a system whose great and speedy fall shall demonstrate his folly and presumption. The matter lies in

* See "Defence," p. 63, 64

a very short compass. We either conceive certain courses as *right because God has willed them*; or that he has *willed them because they are right*. The former view makes morality depend upon the *bare power* of an Infinite person, and so emancipates him from its distinctions; for he cannot himself be *eternally subject to*, and conservative of, a law which he has originated, and may, by his fiat, annul or reverse. A being of this kind is necessarily *unmoral*, not *immoral*, for the latter term is relative to a possible morality, which the nature of the supposition precludes. Hence the suicidal nature of our author's doctrine, that "actions ordinarily called unlawful would be made lawful by the command of God authentically made known by miraculous intervention," since "the authority of God is itself, even if no reasons were given, and none were imaginable but his will, the sufficient and all-sufficient authority."* This "reason," he says, "Mr. Newman entirely ignores, and denies utterly the force of." We may remark that he *does not*; though if his premisses were the same as his critic's, he would be right if he did. If we have no *natural* assurance of God's *goodness*, his word cannot be *morally* binding upon us, since its rectitude is doubtful. If *moral distinctions* (properly so called,) have no self-existence, *moral obligation*—distinct from mere politic obedience to sovereign Might—falls to pieces. Unconditional prostration before a deity of character *ex hypothesi* doubtful, is what Mr. Newman justly describes as "blind external obedience." So, however, is not the most absolute submission to a *Being recognised, a priori, as perfectly Wise and Good*. Obedience to such proceeds upon as valid a ground of open-eyed, inward trust, as mortal can conceive. When the *moral excellence* of any Will is *undetermined*, to put ourselves entirely at its disposal is a *sin*, and may lead to overt crime. The power and skill which that Will can wield—though both be measureless—are here irrelevant considerations. We are speaking of course in reference to the view taken by the author of *The Eclipse*. To us the idea of a sinful God, or a God only partially good, while infinite in every thing but goodness, is an impossible conception. This revolting and pagan notion, however, he contemplates not only as possible, but logically inevitable in every mind on

* "Defence," p. 111.

which christian light has not dawned, the precursor of that worthier view which only "an external revelation" can impart. Thus he finds no legitimate basis for the "faith," with which he says the moral difficulties of the Bible and those of Nature must be alike received, and which, when gained, *does* permit us to allow, as not impugning God's goodness, acts which from any other source would suggest an opposite character in the agent. There are flaws, however, in the analogy which he would make out between the Scripture tragedies, and the plagues, pestilences, and famines, murders and sudden deaths, which form so fearful a part of natural Providence.

"What!" it is said, "God's command to Abraham more incomprehensible than many of the things He does and permits! It can only be because the objector does not give himself time to dwell adequately on the things that *are* done, and are suffered to be done, by the Universal ruler in all parts of the world, in all ages.

. But, at any rate, Mr. Newman must *show* the difference between the cases. If he says, it is true God may do such things himself, but He could not command Abraham to do them, because Abraham had a moral nature so and so constituted, let Mr. Newman take heed; this would be a queer proof that God's moral nature was *like that of* Abraham (from which resemblance alone Abraham inferred what God was), that He could and might do the things which, for that reason, He could not command Abraham to do."^{*}

The dilemma is fictitious. The mere infliction of pain is not necessarily *unmoral*, still less *immoral*. A severe justice may often require it by way of simple retribution—and without view to the *needs*, but only to the *deserts*, of the offender. Again, the very same deeds which, performed under one set of circumstances, may be cruel, may, in another, be free from all tinge of cruelty. The beneficent skill of the surgeon and the wanton barbarity of the tyrant, may find expression in the same physical acts, as when loss of limb was the penalty of transgressed forest-laws. All the connected facts present to the mind of God, which suggest and justify his natural visitations, we can here never know. Is it said that this consideration, if it provisionally eliminate the moral difficulties that make the earthquake of Lisbon and the

* "Defence," p. 45.

Plague of London perplexing as parts of a perfect Providence, will equally solve the mystery of the injunction to massacre the Canaanites, or to slay Isaac? Hardly so: not simply may the same acts have an opposite ethical significance to beings morally similar, *if varying in knowledge of the attendant conditions*, but even to the very same individual as his view widens. The same objects looked at from a different point of vision, and seen in broader relations, may exhibit an altogether different character to the conscience. It is, therefore, no disproof of analogous ethical constitution in God and man, to maintain that some things which the former may justly do, he cannot—no matter what the external evidence (never, by the nature of the case transcending the highly probable) be conceived as ordering his creature, man, to perform. This, be it observed, is Mr. Newman's ground. He does not deny authority to any command of God; he simply says God cannot be supposed to command certain things, and alleges that miracles in favour of wicked doctrines or courses would only prove Manicheism. Nor does any parallel exist (none indeed is expressly asserted in either of the works under review, though the topic should surely have been noticed) between the familiar exercise of parental authority and the (assumed) Divine injunction of "acts ordinarily called unlawful." By putting aside "all contravention of moral action," in the comparison he draws,* the author ignores the only point in dispute. To answer the needs of his argument, he should have maintained, that a parent has a right to enforce not only unexplained commands, but even such as permanently conflict (the case is no impossible one) with the child's clear, though it may be crude, conviction of right. No virtuous father—none but a sheer dolt or tyrant—would, under such circumstances, hesitate either to remove the perplexity, or withdraw the requirement which engendered it. Otherwise the child is justified in resistance; he must abide by his own distinct estimate. To use the words of *The Defence* in a different connection, "it is authoritative on the well-known principle, that even an erroneous conscience obliges."†

With one word more on the present topic, we leave it. Our author finds in the outer world, it will be remembered,

* "Defence," p. 108.

† Ibid, p. 92.

proof of its Creator's infinite Wisdom and Power, though no sure indication of his Goodness. A much clearer thinker, though with his spirit and views we have no sympathy, David Hume, urged that Infinity in none of these attributes could, *on the evidence of the external universe*, be attributed to the Deity.* Creation, the Scotch philosopher maintained, however vast, is necessarily finite; it must have certain limits, though world upon world, and system upon system, lie between us and them. We cannot, therefore, without inserting more in our conclusion than there is in its premisses, get the desired result. A finite effect does not postulate an infinite cause. We can infer, at best, a God *indefinitely* great. We can assign to him but a quasi-immensity. We should like to hear the author of *The Eclipse's* opinion of this argument. To us it furnishes a demonstration (by what Mr. Mill would call the method of Residues) of that theory which finds the germ of religion in human instincts and intuitions, which it is the function of Christianity and Nature simply to stimulate, develope, and purify. So that Mr. Newman is justified in attributing to our knowledge of God an origin (in the last resort) from *within*. We have the conception of a Being as infinite. *A posteriori* reasoning cannot give us that conception. It must, therefore, have come from the only other available source—certain natural underived convictions, or near deductions from these.

Our limits prevent us from entering into all the points at issue between the authors of *The Eclipse* and the *Phases of Faith*. But we must expose the unfairness of the former, in dealing with his opponent's views of the relation between the Intellect and the Emotions in religious matters. He accuses him of making a divorce—a fanatical separation of them, and, in his earlier book, adduced, in evidence, the following passage:—

“He (Mr. Newman) says in one place, ‘all the grounds of belief proposed to the mere understanding have *nothing to do* with faith at all.’ ‘The processes of *thought* have *nothing* to quicken the conscience or *affect* the soul.’ ‘How then can the state of the soul be tested by the conclusion to which the intellect is led?’ And, accordingly, you see he everywhere affirms that we ought not to have any better or worse opinion of any man for ‘his intellectual

* See his “Enquiry concerning Human Understanding,” sect. xi.

creed,' and that religious progress cannot be 'anticipated' till intellectual 'creeds are destroyed.' " *

The italics here *are* (though they are not *acknowledged to be*) superadded to the original. They disguise the meaning of the sentences effectually. In the first, it will be observed that Mr. Newman uses the qualificatory epithet *mere*, prefixed to the word understanding. This shows that he did not intend to deny the concern of the intellect with religion altogether, but to imply the need of "a more than reasoning mind," for its full apprehension. Moreover, he speaks not of realised belief, but of the *grounds of belief*, the bare premisses of the argument which establishes conviction. So in the paragraph, whence this sentence is taken, it is of the "*mere* acute logician" (the italics are added by ourselves), that he denies competency to deal with spiritual questions.

In the second quotation again the words are emphasized so as to mislead. "The processes of *thought* have *nothing* to quicken the conscience *or* affect the soul." In the original, the question next cited, "How then can the state of the soul be tested by the conclusion to which the intellect is led?" stands two sentences before those to which the author of *The Eclipse* makes it subsequent. Mr. Newman argues that in the case of inquiries (such as largely occupy the modern divine) into "Local History, Criticism of Texts, History of Philosophy, Logic (or the theory of evidence), Physiology, Demonology, and other important but very difficult studies, all inappreciable to the unlearned," "the question is removed into a totally different court from that of the Soul, the court of the critical understanding," where "the Soul *may* not choose by her own instincts; it is a dishonesty to allow likes and dislikes to operate; calm indifference is required, not impulses for or against alleged historical events, the question is one of external evidence. How then can the state of the Soul be tested by the conclusion to which" [on matters of external evidence, be it observed] "the Intellect is led? . . . And how can it be imagined that the Lord of the Soul cares more about a Historical than about a Geological, Metaphysical, or Mathematical argument? The processes of thought have nothing to quicken the conscience or affect the soul."

The word *processes* is not only the grammatical subject, but the all-important word in the final sentence. It is equi-

* "Eclipse of Faith," pp. 306-7.

valent to the term argument in the preceding. Mr. Newman (as the tenor of the whole passage shows) simply denies enlivening moral or devotional results to the safe conduct of a ratiocinatory process on matter is in themselves purely critical and secular. He speaks not of the substance but of the *form* of thought, the bare laws, the mere transition from data to conclusion. As regards the last piece of "evidence" adduced, it is to be observed that Mr. Newman speaks of "intellectual *creeds*"—a phrase which has a definite technical import, and not intellectual *convictions*. He does not demand the destruction of the latter.

After quoting in *The Defence* the passages on which we have commented, the writer of that book adds:—

"I was *compelled*, I say, to take these passages as everybody else took them—to *mean* what they obviously *express*. Again, was I not compelled to regard Mr. Newman's notions on the claims of Religious Truth as—opposed to what he calls Sentiment—very lax, when I find him saying that though 'he knew not how to avoid calling Atheism "a moral error," yet we must not forget that it might be still a merely speculative error, which ought not to separate our hearts from any man?' "

It is necessary to remark that the word *Atheism* forms no part of the sentence into which the writer inserts it, at least as written by Mr. Newman; and that it is not the antecedent to the pronoun "*this*," for which it is substituted. The passage properly refers to the doctrine of necessity. It occurs as a foot note to the statement in the text!

"When Atheism depends on the Moral error of believing that man's Will is never self-moving, it is to the Moralist that we must appeal for correction." To the word "*Moral*" an asterisk is affixed, referring us to the following explanation:—

"I do not know how to avoid calling this a *moral* error; but I must carefully guard against seeming to overlook that it may be still a merely speculative error, which ought not to separate our hearts from any man. If we see another to love goodness and shudder at evil, he is to be loved, although he may hold a theory which we think logically tends to annihilate exertion for the good and against the evil." *

Yet the author affirms, and we quote the remark with pure amazement, "I say with an unfaltering conscience, that no controvertist ever more honestly and sincerely sought to give his opponent's views, than I did Mr. Newman's, after the most diligent study of his rather obscure books; and that whether I succeed or not in giving what he *thought*, I have certainly given what he *expressed*."* Of the veracity of this statement, our readers are now able to form an estimate. The evidence, however, is in such cases cumulative, and we propose to add to the *data* for a decision. Our limits will not allow us to take more than a few out of several instances of what seems to us deliberate falsification of testimony, not exclusively in reference to Mr. Newman.

Speaking of the alleged "danger, or rather the certainty that his principles will force the sceptical Mr. Harrington to become an Atheist," the last-named author says:—

"Now this prospect does not terrify me, since I think it might be an improvement to Mr. Harrington; a first step towards truth. I hold *Morality* as my religious basis, and on it I build that God is essentially moral. A serious Atheist, like Mr. G. J. Holyoake, holds morality, as I do, to be a fixed certainty, but doubts whether there is any personal God. But Mr. Harrington is unsettled on both points."†

To this the *Defender of the Eclipse* rejoins:—

"I should have thought by the way, that any reader of *The Eclipse* must have been certain that he was not,"‡ unsettled, that is, on both points; and adds in a note, "See his express disavowal of Atheism, '*Eclipse*,' p. 163-4." This passage, referred to, but not cited, we will give. Harrington is asked:

"How is it you were not tempted to become an atheist rather than a septic?" "Why," said he with a smile, "the great master of the *Modern Academy* had fortified me against *that*. Hume, you know, confesses that if men can be discovered without any impressions of a Deity—genuine atheists—we may assume they will be found the most degraded of the species, and only one re-

* "Defence," p. 75.

† "Phases," p. 191.

‡ "Defence," p. 63.

move above the brutes. Now I have no wish to be set down in that category.’”

We will waive the question as to the possibility of this having been intended seriously. If Harrington's Theism rested only on an unwillingness to be called names out of Hume, and if no belief is stronger than the foundation on which it stands, it is evident that *his* had no stable basis. Moreover, the question is not as to “impressions,” but definite conviction. To cite the former in evidence of the latter, is a mere irrelevance. We willingly give our author, however, all the benefit he can get from Harrington's self-banquet, and turn to another plainer avowal. Earlier in the book its doubting hero remarks,—(the italics in this extract are our own):

“‘*I want certainty or quasi certainty on those points on which if a man is content to remain uncertain he is a fool or a brute. . . . The questions on which I want certainty are . . . no sooner felt in their true grandeur than they absorb the soul.*’ ‘Still, what is it you want?’ ‘I want to know whence I came—whither I am going. Whether there be *in truth, as so many say there is, a God*—a tremendous personality . . . ; whether, *if there be such a being, he is truly infinite; . . . whether this “universal frame” be indeed without a mind, and we are, in fact, the only forms of conscious existence; whether, as the Pantheist declares, the universe itself be God*—ever making, never made—the product of an evolution of an infinite series of antecedents and consequents; a God, of *which*—for I cannot say of *whom*—you and I are bits, perishable fragments of a Divinity itself imperishable, only because there will always be *bits* of it to perish. . . . These are the questions, and others like them, which I have vainly toiled to solve.”*

If Mr. Harrington is *settled* on the points on which he thus expresses himself, what language would indicate his *want* of settled conviction, which, we suppose, he has, though wanting certainty!

In regard to the offensive passage in which the author of *The Eclipse* compared such “inspiration” as Mr. Newman might have, to that of the inventor of Lucifer matches, it is

* “Eclipse,” pp. 68, 69, 70.

explained that Mr. Parker, and not Mr. Newman, was aimed at :—

"The theory of the latter," he says, "in truth I do not comprehend. . . . The latest utterance of Mr. Newman on this subject that I have read, occurs in his preface to the second edition of his 'Hebrew Monarchy,' where he tells us that he believes it is an influence accessible to all men, *in a certain stage of development*. Surely it will be time enough to consider his theory of inspiration when he has told us a little more about it. To my mind, if the very genius of mystery had framed the definition, he could not have uttered anything more indefinite."*

The writer very considerably will defer criticism of Mr. Newman's indefinite definition, worthy of the Genius of Mystery, till its author "has told us a little more about it." Will any one believe that he himself deliberately omits the substance of the definition, and gives in its stead a parenthetical qualification, which might be left out of the original, without injury either to the grammatical structure, or to the general meaning of the sentence in which it occurs? After distinguishing it from a miraculous illumination, peculiar to a few persons, as to prophets and apostles, and from mere genius, Mr. Newman says, that inspiration ("a word which I have," he remarks, "very seldom used at all, and, as far as I know, only concessively") "is an ordinary influence of the Divine Spirit on the hearts of men, which quickens and strengthens their moral and spiritual powers, and is accessible to all (in a certain stage of development) in some proportion to their own faithfulness."† Mr. Newman, in the very page in which this statement occurs, expressly identifies his doctrine with the ordinary Christian belief of Divine Influence.‡ His words are exactly coincident, in sense, with those employed by the author of *The Eclipse* where he acknowledges the reality of "the ordinary though mysterious action by which God aids those who sincerely seek him 'in every good word and work.'"§ The "moral faithfulness" of which Mr. Newman speaks is the equivalent of the sincere search of God, in good word and work, which his opponent talks of.

* "Defence," p. 156.

† "Hebrew Monarchy," 2nd ed., p. xiv. See also "Phases," p. 178, *et passim*.

‡ "Defence," p. 154.

Fellowes, the spiritualist champion in *The Eclipse of Faith*, is represented as an eclectic in religion, under obligation mainly to Mr. Parker and Mr. Newman, but not disowning other sources. A favourite method of refutation with the author is to represent him as holding simultaneously conflicting opinions derived from different quarters, and to infer, from their inconsistency, a *reductio ad absurdum* of both. He takes care not to distinguish too accurately what is due to each authority, and for what others are not responsible. That miracles are incredible *in se*, absolutely impossible, susceptible of 'proof by no amount of testimony, is among Mr. Fellowes' dogmas. Since Mr. Parker and Mr. Newman are the only writers to whom he acknowledges *specific obligations*, or from whom citation is made, the inference is inevitable, for those who do not care to check their opponent's statements by reference to the works quoted, or named, that this is a doctrine of those writers. Yet both expressly disclaim it: both reject the supernatural in early Christian History, simply as failing in the requisite external evidence. The author of *The Eclipse* is not satisfied, however, with merely general double-dealing, in this matter. In the dialogue on a *book revelation*, Fellowes is made to remark:—

"But surely you forget that miracles are *impossible* on my notion: *for as Mr. Newman says*"—

Harrington, interrupting, rejoins,

"*Whatever he says*, I suppose you will not deny that they are conceivable."*

The subject is broken off; no citation is made from Mr. Newman to the effect insinuated; and for a very good reason, that none such could be found.—Again, in a philosophical discussion—the most valuable part of his book—of this very subject of miracles, Fellowes, denying doggedly their intrinsic possibility, is introduced vehemently protesting:—

"Never, never, I trust, shall I yield to that 'desolating Pantheism,' (as worthy Mr. Newman calls it,) which is now so rife." Harrington replies: "I think Mr. Newman's principles *ought* to guide you thither. *You seem to hold fast by his skirts at present*,"†—in rejecting, that is, on *a priori* grounds, all supernatural narratives.

* "*Eclipse*," p. 75, 76. The italics are our own.

† "*Eclipse*," p. 238. Italics *not* in the original.

From passages that have been already cited, the fundamental opposition of Mr. Newman's religious philosophy to all this is evident. Some in so many words contradict it. Not to repeat what has gone before, we quote here a single sentence from the *Hebrew Monarchy*, which, if no other could be adduced, would be enough. Of the (alleged) destruction of Sennacherib's army by miraculous intervention, Mr. Newman remarks :—

"We find it hard to extract a moral worthy of the God who alone can suspend the course of nature—a moral justified by experience or Christianity."* The clause we have emphasized is certainly unambiguous enough.

In the concluding conversation of *The Eclipse*, its author alludes to "an ingenious argument adopted by some of the modern 'spiritualists' in reasoning on the probabilities of a 'future life.' They contend that it is necessary to insulate the soul (if it would discover 'spiritual truth') from all bias of self-interest—from all oblique glances at prospective advantage; in fact, that only he is fully equipped for discovering spiritual truth who is disinterestedly indifferent as to whether it be discovered or not."†

The italics here are ours. The preposterous assertion of the last clause does not need elaborate disproof. The author's reference, if we may judge from the wording of the phrase, "oblique glances at prospective advantage," seems to be to a sentence, quoted as a motto by Mr. Greg, from one of Mr. Martineau's Sermons: "No inquirer can fix a direct and clear-sighted gaze towards truth, who is casting side glances all the while on the prospects of his soul." The passage from which this sentence is taken ends thus. For the discovery of Truth—

"Intensity of intellectual action is needed, as well as clearness of intellectual view. And this will be most certainly found, not in one who follows the light without deep love of it; not in one who simply finds it a personal convenience, and desires it for its use; not even in one who has simply a relish for intellectual occupations, and prolongs them from pure taste; but in him who traverses the realm of thought, as if 'seeking the will of one that sent him,' who

* "Hebrew Monarchy," 2nd ed., p. 271.

† "Eclipse," p. 434-5.

reverently looks on the features of truth as on the face of God, and listens to its accents as to his whispered oracle; who trusts it with 'a love that casts out fear,' and feels on him the blessed light of Heaven, when bigots pronounce him in a dreadful gloom."*

That Mr. Greg adopted the sentence he quotes in its author's sense, is clear from many parts of his excellent preface.† To the same effect are very many passages of Mr. Newman's writings.‡ That the author of *The Eclipse's* statement directly reverses the fact, is obvious. Ardent love, and not cold indifference, to truth, is expressly insisted on as the *sine quâ non* of its attainment.

Another misrepresentation with which, in this Journal, we may be considered more immediately concerned, can be exposed in shorter space than that in which it is perpetrated. A discussion, extending from p. 392 to p. 412 of *The Eclipse of Faith*, under the running title of "A Variable Quantity," and in the form of "a conversation between Harrington and two pleasant youths, acquaintances of Mr. Fellowes, both younger by three or four years than either he or Harrington," investigates what the author styles "that curious theory which, professedly recognising Christianity (as consigned to the New Testament) as a truly *divine* revelation, yet asserts that it is intermingled with a large amount of error and absurdity, and tells each man to eliminate§ the divine 'element' for himself. According to this theory, the problem of eliciting revealed truth may be said to be indeterminate; the value of the unknown *x* varies through all degrees of magnitude; it is equal to anything, equal to everything, equally to nothing, equal to infinity."

The satirist does not condescend to name, or in any way indicate, the writers who hold these views. So that he deprives his readers of the opportunity of forming an independent judgment, and correcting, if need be, his errors. The young men are represented as thinking that the "religious faculties are quite sufficient to decide all doubts and difficulties in religious matters;" as allowing the possibility, and, sur-

* "Endeavours after the Christian Life," vol. ii. p. 112.

† "Creed of Christendom," pp. xi., xiv.—xvi.

‡ See *e. g.* "Phases," p. 69, 71, &c.

§ The writer apparently means *elicit*, or *disentangle*. To *eliminate* is to annihilate. The blunder is several times repeated. See "Defence," pp. 103, 104, 172.

veying history, the need, of an "external revelation." They vary in their degree of departure from orthodoxy; the more moderate of the two "saw *no particular objection* to receiving the miracles; *at least some of them*—the best authenticated and most reasonable."* The others, we find, take this ground also. Their differences in relation to the present controversy are not significant. That they belong to what in his *Defence* the author calls "the extreme Unitarian school," of which he says this Review is "the organ," is apparent. Denying the *infallibility* of Christ as well as his apostles (for no distinction is made), they cannot have believed in the omniscient Deity of the former. How are they refuted? The author makes them acknowledge that the evidence of certain truths which enter into Christianity rests on miracles wrought to support them. The resurrection in its relation to the doctrine of immortality is instanced. He shows that other doctrines (as the atonement), which are allowed to be taught in the Scriptures, but maintained to be human errors, are just "as much authenticated by the miracles;" and concludes, by way of *reductio ad absurdum*, "You believe then in the force of evidence, which equally establishes truth and falsehood."

This is all very cogent, but unfortunately it does not apply to the parties who are assailed with the argument. *They do not allow the validity of miracles as evidence.* To say nothing of the fatuity of basing, as he makes them do, the more upon the less certain, religious truth on historical probability,—of staking their faith on facts which they have "no particular objection" to admit as probably not untrue—their well-known writers have employed against the opposed theories of others, the very reasoning which he pretends to think fatal to their own. The following passage from an early number of this periodical is conclusive:—

"We can find no rest in any view of Revelation short of that which pervades the Fourth Gospel, and which is everywhere implicated in the folds of the Logos-doctrine, that it is *an appearance to beings who have something of a divine spirit within them, of a yet diviner without them, leading them to the Divinest of all, that embraces them both.*"

It is a little hard to identify these writers with a doctrine

* "Eclipse," pp. 392-3. Italics not in the original.

which they assail,* and attack them by their own weapons. That doctrine belongs (though generally in a very mild form) to the more moderate of the orthodox party, and to the elder English Unitarians—with whom, as Scripturalists, the author of *The Eclipse of Faith* avows a certain degree of sympathy. He has cleverly shown *their* inconsistency. They must logically either hold more or less, than practically they are willing to do; either deny miracles as proving doctrinal truth, or accept the propositions they support. As regards Christian Spiritualists, however, the author's conduct is fully described and rebuked in the words of Coleridge:—

“Whatever must be misrepresented in order to be ridiculed, is in fact *not* ridiculed; but the thing substituted for it. It is a satire on something else, coupled with a lie on the part of the satirist, who knowing, or having the means of knowing, the truth, chose to call one thing by the name of another.”†

In the concluding conversation of *The Eclipse of Faith*, an attempt is made to prove that the author's plan of answering objections by objections,—of urging, not that Orthodoxy is tenable, but that every rival system is less tenable—does not justify the theological incertitude he professes to deplore. If the attempt be *bonâ fide*, it certainly is not successful. And to fail in such an argument is to strengthen the cause of the enemy. It is for this reason, and because the dialogue in question instructively illustrates its author's characteristic juggling with verbal ambiguities, that we shall examine it here. The interlocutors are the sceptic Harrington, and an evangelical uncle, from whose pen the journal that constitutes the work is supposed to proceed. The latter, of course, narrated:—

“I said, gaily, ‘Well, then, let me ask (as our old friend with the queer face might have said), Do you grant there is such a thing as prudence?’

“‘I do,’ he said.

“‘But to be *prudent*, is, I think, to do that which is most likely to promote our happiness.’

“‘That which *seems* most likely, for I do not admit that we *know* what will.’

“‘That which *seems* then, for it is of no consequence.’

* “Prospective Review,” Vol. II. No. V. p. 114-16. Correspondence to the Liverpool Controversy, and Tayler's “Retrospect of the Religious Life of England,” pp. 438-9, 1st ed.

† “Aids to Reflection,” p. 77, of ed. 1825.

“ ‘Of no consequence! surely there is a little difference between *being* and *seeming to be*.’

“ ‘All the difference in the world,’ I replied, ‘but not in relation to our choice of conduct. We choose, if prudent, that conduct which, on the whole, deliberately *seems* most likely to promote our happiness, and, as far as that goes, what seems, is.’

“ ‘I grant it; and that probabilities are the measure of it,’ said Harrington.

“ ‘You are of Bayle’s opinion, that there is, in relation to the present life, a probable prudent, and that it would be gross folly to neglect it.’

“ ‘Certainly.’

“ ‘And in proportion as the interest was greater, and extended over a longer time, you would be content with less, and less *probabilities* to justify action.’

“ ‘I freely grant I should.’

“ ‘If now a servant came into the room to say that he feared your farm-house at King’s C—— was on fire, though you might think it but faintly probable, you would not think it prudent to neglect the information.’

“ ‘I certainly should not.’

“ ‘And if you were immortal here on earth, and the neglect of some probably or (we will say) only possibly true information in relation to some vital interest, might affect it through that whole immortality, you would consider it prudent to act on almost *no* probability at all, on the very faintest presumption of the truth.’

“ ‘I must in honesty agree with you so far.’

“ ‘What does your scepticism promise you, if it be well-founded—Much happiness?’

“ ‘To me, none; rather the contrary; and to none, I think, can it promise much.’

“ ‘And if Christianity be true—for I speak only of that—I know there is not in your estimate any other religion that comes into competition with it—immortal felicity, immortal misery depends upon it.’

“ ‘Yes, it cannot be denied.’

“ ‘You admit that scepticism may be false, even though it has a thousand to one in its favour; for by its very principles you know nothing, and can know nothing on the subjects to which its doubts extend.’

“ ‘I acknowledge it.’

“ ‘And Christianity may be true by the very same reasoning, though the chances be only as one to a thousand.’

“ ‘It is so.’

“ ‘Then, by your own confession, you are not prudent, for you

do not act in relation to Christianity on the principles on which you say you act in the affairs of the present life; where you acknowledge that the *least* presumption will move you when the interests are sufficiently permanent and great.'"*

Harrington gives in,—acknowledges that a case is made out against him. So convenient are this "impartial doubter's" fits of acquiescence or antagonism! To understand better the tenor of the argument, and its consistency, it must be remembered that Harrington "is *not* a universal sceptic."† He takes Bayle's limits rather than Hume's, and impugns the latter's honesty. "I told him," says the fictitious Journalist, "I was glad to find that his scepticism did not—to use Burke's expression on another subject—'go down to the foundations;'" and Harrington avows, "As to the present life, I am quite willing to accept Bayle's *dictum*; 'Les Sceptiques ne nioient pas qu'il ne se fallût conformer aux coutumes de son pays, et pratiquer des devoirs de la morale, et prendre parti en ces choses là sur des probabilités sans attendre la certitude.'‡" He is told, "that even in the concession of the *probable*, as a sufficient rule of conduct in this life, he had granted enough to condemn utterly his sceptical position."§ Hereupon follows the conclusive *reasoning* we have cited. The author, as we shall show, again tampers with words in a double sense—the subjects of his equivocation being, in the present instance, the phrases, *chance*, *presumption*, *probability*. We admit, that it is obligatory to act upon slight probabilities and faint presumptions when these are all that can be had,—to adopt in the weightiest, as well as in more trivial matters, that decision in favour of which the balance of evidence turns, though it be but by a single hair. It does not, however, follow from this, that, when the case is reversed, when the course recommended has not merely *no* probability in its favour, but the chances are a large *negative* quantity, say (to adopt our author's hypothesis) *a thousand to one against it*—it does not follow that we must still take it. And yet it is this (for argument's sake conceded) strong preponderance of evidence opposed to Christianity, which is represented as tantamount to a slight presumption in its behalf. The

* "Eclipse," pp. 432-4.

† Ibid. pp. 428-9.

‡ Ibid. p. 24.

§ Ibid. p. 431.

fallacy so dexterously made use of, it is not difficult to discover. The author has availed himself of the similarity of the phrases "slight probability," and "*a slight probability*," secretly to interchange their directly contrary meanings. We say there is "*slight probability*"* that a friend will recover, when the chances are that he will die; we say there is "*a slight probability* of his restoration," when we may still believe that he will yet live. If *prudence* be the guide of life, and probabilities the measure of prudence, we cannot take one against a thousand. The writer's illustrations do not appear much to help him. We pass over the folly or fraud of appealing even to "the very faintest *presumption* of the truth," where there is (by admission three lines earlier, and in the very same sentence) *not probably*, but "*only possibly* true information" to proceed upon. We deny that a man would be capable of justification if he neglected his secular interests and duties (disregard to which could never be harmless, and might be fatal to himself and others) in order to attend to some "*vital interest*," which there was "*almost no probability at all*," existed;—still less could he be vindicated in rushing from his ordinary avocations to extinguish "*faintly probable*" fires. *Time* is a trust which may not be thrown away on mere *perchances*—which of course are infinite. At least a *prima facie* case must be made out in its behalf, before any hypothesis has a title to serious investigation. And as the Sceptics whom the writer assails acknowledge the obligation "*pratiquer des devoirs de la morale*," they cannot be addressed 'as if they had nothing better to do than to try every theological "*forlorn hope*." They recognise prior claims.

Harrington, however, not detecting the *imprudence* of grasping at avowed unlikelihoods,—of relinquishing known duties and interests for shadowy contingencies,—nevertheless "contended there was a flaw in the argument; for that it was impossible to accept any religion on merely *prudential* grounds."†

"As Mr. Newman, when some one foretold that he would be

* The confusion is clearly exposed in the "Introduction" to Bishop Butler's "Analogy," whose principles are avowedly made the bases of the argument in "The Eclipse."

† "Eclipse," p. 434.

some day a Socinian or an infidel, replied, "Well, if Socinianism or anything else be the truth, Socinians, or anything else, let us be;" so I must say, if *no truth* be the truth, *no-truth men* let us be.'

"Very well," I replied. "Then, it seems, truth stands in the way of acting *prudently*; and instead of remedying our first paradox, we have started on another, that truth and prudence are here opposed: for in no other cases (I think) in which you apply your own rule of the probable to the present life, will a mind of your comprehensiveness say they are opposed; I am sure you will admit the general maxims, that to lie is inexpedient, and that honesty is the best policy, and so on." He granted it.

"But further," said I, "what sort of truth is this, which involves duty, and yet is opposed to prudence? It is, that there is *no truth* it seems, and this completes the paradox. This strange truth—the Alpha and Omega of the sceptic, his first and his last—is to involve *duty*; he is to be a confessor and martyr for it! Nothing less than happiness and prudence are to be sacrificed to *conscience* in the matter. Truly, if the truth that there is *no truth* involves any duty, it ought to be the duty of believing that there is *no duty* to be performed; and you might as well call yourself a *no-duty man* as a *no-truth man*."*

We have shown that the conflict, for Harrington, of truth and prudence is merely nominal, that it is gained by giving to palpable *imprudence* the name of its opposed virtue. Further, the only sceptics whose sole truth, "their Alpha and Omega, their first and their last," is that there is *no truth*, are surely, if any men be so, *universal* sceptics. Harrington, however, we are over and over again informed, is none of these. The author's *refutation*, therefore (so to call it), does not apply to him; it is an *ignoratio elenchi*. How audaciously again is the hero's recognition of the obligation "*pratiquer des devoirs de la morale*" set aside by putting him into the category of *no-duty men*, whose only duty "ought to be the duty of believing that there is *no duty* to be performed!"

Harrington having, to suit the writer's purposes, appeared both as a partial and as a universal sceptic, is introduced a little later (as he himself says of Hume), "not as a sceptic at all, but as a dogmatist, only on the *negative* side." So much is implied in the following appeal:—

"And now let all this be a dream—suppose *that not simply*

* "Eclipse," p. 435-6.

by your own fault you will never see that mother more, but that from the sad truth of your NO truth you never CAN; that the vale, vale, in æternum, vale, is all that you can say to her. Yet I say this,—that to live only in the hope of the possibility of fulfilling the better wishes of such a friend, and rejoining her for ever in (if you will) the fabulous 'islands of the blest,' would not only make you a happier, but even a nobler being than your present mood can ever make you. My *fabulous* is better than your *true*." *

The distinction between the *certain* and the *uncertain*, the *ascertained* and the *problematical*, is not convertible with that of the *TRUE* (the capitals are our author's) and the *FABULOUS*. And "the sad truth of your no truth" in the above, cannot mean the impossibility of *knowing* religious realities (since this the author expressly allows † will not, *without fault of his own*, exclude any man from entering into their happy experience): it must stand for the non-existence of such realities. Asserting this, Harrington becomes for the nonce a dogmatic atheist. Surely a writer who can so shift his ground, who can thus play fast and loose with his own assumptions, is not, whether the frailty be of the will or the intellect, a very reliable guide.—The hero, whose feverish, and morbid, but intense activity of intellect, the author illustrates chemically (if we may say so of a blunder which illustrates nothing but his own ignorance of the science) by the remark, "that to live as Harrington has lived of late, is to breathe little but azote!" ‡ finishes the work by dying, under circumstances which do not preclude the hope that before his end came, he may have found, "in believing," "the peace" he had elsewhere vainly sought.

And now we have concluded our painful task, which nothing but a feeling of what justice, literary and personal, required would have induced us to undertake. The tone of intellectual disparagement and moral rebuke which certain critics—deceived by the shallowest sophisms, with which an unscrupulous writer could work on their prepossessions and insult their understandings—have adopted towards Mr. Newman, made exposure necessary. The length to which our remarks have extended requires apology. Evidence as

* "Eclipse," p. 447. Italics our own.

† Ibid. p. 442.

‡ "Eclipse," p. 26.

to character is necessarily *cumulative*, and not easily compressible within narrow limits. Enough has been said to show that there is not an art discreditable in controversy to which recourse is not freely had in *The Eclipse of Faith*, and the *Defence* of it. For ourselves, we are ready to believe the author honest in his ends, though unprincipled as to his means; and to attribute to him as sincere and earnest a belief in the dogmas he professes, as the light and reckless habits of mind his books evince, render possible. He appears to have adopted the view, which Mr. Newman adduces (for censure) from Chrysostom's work on the Priesthood, "that a victory gained by deceit is more to be esteemed than one gained by force; and that, provided the end aimed at be good, we ought not to call it *deceit*, but a sort of *admirable management*."* Whether, however, his intents have been evil or charitable, no one has done more to shake the popular system of orthodoxy; and this in spite of better points in his works than any it has been in our power to dwell on. None can deny the frequent presence of a touching and pathetic eloquence, which shows at least occasional glimpses of something better than mere literary skill. On some questions of historical criticism, too, it is fair to add, we think he has detected hasty conclusions and illegitimate inferences of Mr. Newman's. These things, however, weighed against the general spirit and substance of the two volumes, are but dust in the balance. Our judgment of fraud and sophistry is deliberate and unambiguous. There remains only one way—an humiliating one—by which the author can set himself right *with himself* and with truth; and that is by a withdrawal, or thorough re-construction (tantamount to re-composition) of the larger part of both the books we have been noticing. Commending to him, in conclusion, this sentence from a modern English essayist, "Next to the folly of doing a bad thing, is the folly of fearing to undo it," we gladly remove from his companionship, and dismiss our readers to healthier subjects.

* "Phases of Faith," p. 15, note.

ART. III.—THE SPIRIT OF THE BIBLE.

The Spirit of the Bible; or the Nature and Value of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures discriminated, in an Analysis of their several Books. By Edward Higginson. London: Whitfield, 1853. Pp. 521.

IF a *great book* be a *great evil*, it must be confessed that the tendency of the present day is to reduce the evil to a minimum, if not to abolish it altogether. Manuals of every kind abound; and as the inclination, in so many other respects, is to make things rapid and cheap, so, to have a chance of finding acceptance with any numerous circle of readers, even "great subjects" must be compressed into "small books." The times are not very distant which witnessed the production of an Ecclesiastical History in from forty to fifty volumes. More remote from us stand such authors as Caryll, with his Commentary on Job, in two folios, and Venema on the Psalms, in six quartos. But those days, like the times of pyramid or cathedral building, are gone; and although we may still find a Hengstenberg offering us a Commentary on the Psalms in four octavos, and a Bleek on the single Epistle to the Hebrews in three, and a Tholuck with an Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount, filling as much space as Mr. Higginson's volume on the whole of the Old Testament, yet such cases as these form now as much the exception as the rule. Even our German friends have found out the utility of *Handbooks*, as the excellent series in course of publication by Hitzig and others sufficiently shows; and if the desirableness of brevity is beginning to be so practically recognised in that quarter, we need ask for no further proof of the inclination of our times to lay aside the prolixity of a former age, in, at least, the one great department of knowledge to which we are now more particularly referring.

The volume before us is no unfavourable example of what this abbreviating spirit can effect: for it is, in fact, a very well filled and well written compendium of information on the great subject—the Bible—to which it relates. The au-

thor's leading design clearly forbade the attempt to indulge, at length, in the statement, or discussion, of the minute details and matters of controversy, which so plentifully present themselves to the critical student of the Old Testament. The work is essentially popular in its aim, as the title and the declaration of the preface inform us; and we certainly think that, within the moderate compass of a single volume, it presents us with a valuable epitome, which may be read with interest and profit by any intelligent person. We must, however, allow the author to speak for himself, in stating the design of his work:—

"This book does not profess to be an Exposition of Scripture. Larger and more learned works must fulfil that office, for readers who have more time to spare than I ask from mine. I seek thoughtful and intelligent, but not learned readers.

"I only aim at showing the spirit in which the Scriptures require to be read and interpreted, received and defended. I wish to give utterance to a thoroughly free-minded and rational belief in them, as the Records of Divine Revelation. Between the perplexing *letter-worship* of too many scripturists, and the sweeping *rationalism* which presumes to deny the possibility of a supernatural revelation, I desire to indicate the ground on which rational Christianity may firmly take its stand, implying the divine origin of Judaism."—*(Pref. p. v.)*

The want of such a book as this, spoken of by Mr. Higginson (p. 3), is one which we know has been experienced. For a large and important class of readers it will be very satisfactorily supplied by the present volume. If we were to urge any objection to the work, regarded in this character, it would be that it dwells at undue length on some parts of the subject, and passes over others with too much brevity—that there is not a sufficient equality of treatment throughout the different parts. For example, the space devoted to the single book of Genesis amounts to nearly one-fifth of the entire volume, not much less than is given to the whole of the prophetic writings; although, in the latter, we have generally much more certain historical ground to stand upon, and the political circumstances of the Hebrew people and their relations with foreign nations are of the most interesting character; while the general influence of the Prophets on the later condition of Judaism, and on Christianity itself, is so much more important. So, again, some matters are

passed over without any notice, respecting which, even to the general reader, it would have been interesting to have had fuller information; as, for instance, when it is shown, in some detail, that Genesis is a composite work, made up of various documents, while nothing is said of the forms in which the same theory has been held, and is now held, in its application to the rest of the Mosaic books.

Of this want of proportion between different parts of his work, Mr. Higginson himself is fully aware; and he candidly gives us his reasons for it, when he says,—

“I have desired to lend a helping hand to the scriptural student in specific instances, rather than by mere general rules, and have enlarged upon precisely those parts on which, having myself experienced difficulty, I have also, through the exercise of free inquiry and deliberate reflection, found satisfaction. My book is thus, in some sense, a mental autobiography, as sincere books on great subjects must always be. It has, therefore, true and living proportions in reference to the mind from which it proceeds, however those proportions may vary, in one direction or another, from the average thoughts and needs of those who may take it up.”—(*Pref.* p. vi., vii.)

This is well said, and interesting on its own account. We may willingly accept the explanation, while we regret that it should be so necessary. It is our sense of the excellence of what is done, which chiefly leads us to wish that the fuller treatment extended to some portions had been more equally distributed.

The character which Mr. Higginson ascribes to the Old Testament, and the spirit in which he would deal with its various contents, are indicated in the first of the extracts we have given from his preface. With a free use of intelligent, and rational, not to say rationalistic, criticism, he is yet essentially conservative, and, we need hardly add, reverential, in his discussion of the different points that come before him. The work endeavours to unite a spirit of bold and candid inquiry with a decided adherence to the supernatural explanation of the origin and history of the Hebrew monotheism. How far it succeeds in effecting the union, there may be some difference of opinion; although there may be none as to the earnestness and ability with which the endeavour is prosecuted. It will doubtless appear to some readers, that the conservative position to which we have alluded as

taken by our author, is sometimes endangered by the nature of the admissions which he is under the necessity of making. The explanation, for instance, given of certain representations of Joshua and Judges, may it not be applied throughout the Old Testament history? According to this explanation, it was a false and injurious religious feeling, which attributed to God commands, and corresponding events, which only sprung from human passion and cruelty. "But," we are told, "in many cases, the real question for free and impartial discussion is, *whether God was truly on the scene*, in any supernatural way, in what the Hebrew historians have written; or *whether they have*, in certain instances, *retrospectively placed him there*, through what seems to us a false and most injurious religious feeling, when He is represented as supernaturally dictating or guiding those human actions which our common conscience and our Christian views of God our Heavenly Father unite in deprecating whenever witnessed" (p. 229). And so, again,—"*It must not, then, be assumed without sufficient reason, that all the facts afterwards described as divinely ordered or inspired, bore at the time of their enactment this impress of direct Divine intervention. It may have been retrospectively assigned to them—to many of them it must have been—by that kind of Jewish piety which, in our Christian apprehension, has unwittingly degraded the ideal of Deity by assigning to miracle much that is humanly low or bad*" (p. 232). Admitting, then, this mode of explanation as good for Joshua and Judges, how shall we set up a defensible distinction between these books and the accounts of the Mosaic miracles, or those in the history of Elijah and Elisha? This difficulty is not, however, unseen by Mr. Higginson, who, with his accustomed fairness, freely admits its existence, although not, perhaps, assigning to it sufficient importance (p. 235).

We do not know that any better solution of the problem can be given than that which is here, in substance, adopted. This is, that when once the theocratic constitution was established, or rather the foundation for it laid, in giving to the nation the idea that Jehovah was their only God and King, every important proceeding supposed to be in harmony with, or a consequence of, this relation was conceived of, and therefore spoken of, as originating in the Divine Will. It would follow that an historian of a late period,

looking back upon the occurrences of the past—the invasion of Canaan, and the destruction of its inhabitants, the worshippers of “other Gods”—would naturally regard all as the consequence of the expressed command of God. “And Jehovah said unto Joshua, Fear not, neither be thou dismayed: take all the people of war with thee and arise, go up to Ai” (Josh. viii. 1).—“Jehovah also spake unto Joshua, saying, Appoint out for you cities of refuge” (Josh. xx. 1, 2).—“Now, after the death of Joshua, it came to pass, that the children of Israel asked Jehovah, saying, Who shall go up for us against the Canaanites first, to fight against them? And Jehovah said, Judah shall go up; behold, I have delivered the land into his hand” (Jud. i. 1, 2). These things had not really been said, or commanded, but were supposed to have been so, *because* they had taken place. This was the historian’s interpretation; and all history is necessarily a species of interpretation, if it be not the merest catalogue of events. But the Jewish writers are pre-eminent among all historians, from the nature of the interpretation which they give to the past. With them all is referred to God; everything is beheld in the light of their strong religious belief. Everything, in short, attests among this people the great and constant influence of their religion upon them; so that, with all the erroneous inferences which they draw, from time to time, as to the source, or character, of past occurrences, we can hardly avoid seeing that some unusual power was in operation among them. Thus, the same instances of misinterpretation with which we may now be shocked, are still an essential part of the chain of evidence which leads us up to the great fact of God’s special revelation of himself to his chosen people. Of course this argument fails, and is worthless, if you can find any other nation of men exhibiting for centuries the same kind of practical religious belief; another nation, whose particular function is seen, by the result, to have been to preserve and hand down to succeeding generations the belief in the existence and providence of the one God; and, without whom, so far as we can now perceive, the faith in a righteous moral governor and judge of mankind would hardly have continued to exist in the world. The providential difficulty alluded to by Mr. Higginson (p. 230-31) is not, of course, removed by the explanation just stated.

The deeds in question, if not commanded, must appear to have been at least permitted. *We* may not venture to pronounce *why*; although we may not be altogether unable to discern that without moral liberty, no true moral discipline, or growth in virtue, could be provided for. We may add, that it would seem to be inevitable, that imperfections of the nature now in question should attach to the early career of any race just emerging out of a state of barbarism, even though they should not be without some rudimentary notions of a right religious belief. You could hardly give them their strong faith in their own God, as the one true and supreme Deity, without, at the same time, giving them the feeling of intolerance towards other faiths, and the wish even to effect their extermination. What, in a later and more civilised state, might have taken the character of a mere desire to proselytise, will, in the earlier and barbarous condition, be the wish and the attempt to destroy. Jehovah must seek to be distinguished as the one most powerful Being; and, therefore, he must have commanded his people to regard and to treat as their enemies the worshippers of strange Gods.

It will necessarily result from this mode of explaining each separate instance in which special interposition is narrated, that you cannot maintain the "divine origin of Judaism," on the ground of any express assertion of it in the books themselves, or of any account there given of miraculous interference; but must rather appeal to the general character of the religion and its position and effects in the world. And this is, substantially, the ground on which the author, ready as he would seem to be to explain away accounts of the supernatural, as they individually present themselves, yet seeks to preserve the *general impression*, "on the broad scale" (p. 235) of supernatural interposition. It is the circumstance that the Hebrews alone worshipped one God, the exalted character of this Being, the right moral spirit generally pervading the narratives in which He is introduced,—it is such features as these, more than any related miraculous manifestation, which show the actual special presence of the Supreme among this people. This statement will be seen to be warranted by the following passage. Having spoken of the marked religious character of the Hebrew poetry, Mr. Higginson proceeds:—

“And we derive hence a presumptive argument of no mean value in favour of the pretensions of the Jewish religion to a divine origin. Admitting that the Jewish nation had received by divine revelation, a knowledge of the divine unity, and a peculiar system of religious observances, we can understand how topics of this sort should naturally thus engross their poetry. And if we attentively consider what kind of religious allusions there are which pervade it in every direction, how pure and dignified, in comparison with the religious opinions and sentiments of mankind at large during the same periods, the presumption arises almost into moral certainty, that there must be (amid all the historical difficulties and obscurities which beset the subject) at least a broad basis of fact, of historical truth, in the records which are implied in their poetical allusions. For the conceptions of the Deity which these writings evince are remarkable for their sublimity and grandeur, which even the moral philosopher and the disciple of Christ admire, and can find little, comparatively, to except against; and which, when judged by a comparison with the religious poems of other countries, most nearly contemporaneous, as those of Homer and Hesiod (and this is the true criterion), appear so vastly superior to their age, as to carry the conviction irresistibly home to us, that the prophets and poets of Judea had drunk from a higher inspiration than that of human genius or learning. At least, this supposition will most fully account for the literary facts of the case. If it be admitted to be true that Almighty God miraculously interposed to give to the fathers of the Jewish nation the knowledge of his unity and supremacy, and instituted, by the hand of Moses, a peculiar religious and political system, which recognised this unity as its grand characteristic, and forbade idolatry, as the highest offence against the constitution of the Israelitish state, then we can account for this peculiar religious tone which pervades the whole poetry of the Hebrews; then we can understand how their historical recollections had reference principally to his deeds on their behalf; how all their social institutions reminded them of him as their king; how the holy place, where his worship was celebrated, gave birth to their choicest productions of poetry and music; how the beauties and the bounties of nature reminded them, more than others, of him as the giver, and why prophets should be for ever recalling to the thoughts of princes and people, obligations so peculiar as theirs; recounting their past history; scrutinising their actual condition and existing practices, and urging perpetually their impassioned exhortations to religious obedience, as well as unfolding from time to time the special messages with which they were charged from on high. Admit, in short, the divine commission of Moses, and we account for this most striking peculiarity of the Jewish literature. Deny it, and I know not, at least, what solution can be given of

this remarkable fact, which characterises the Hebrew literature in general, and its poetry in particular." (Pp. 23, 24.)

The same argument is re-asserted in another passage (pp. 208, 9), and, as it appears to us, the case is put with force and clearness. Yet there are difficulties, which cannot be lightly passed over, in the way of admitting these statements, so broadly made as they are. Thus, assuming the divine origin of the Jewish religion, in the sense in which this phrase is used here, is it not reasonable to expect, that so important a fact as the special and authoritative gift of a great religious truth should have been historically preserved in such a manner as to be clearly and certainly known to the successive generations of mankind? May we not expect that the record of this divine manifestation should have been so kept free from exaggerations, from incredible statements, accounts of useless, or even immoral, miracles, as to retain, tolerably complete and pure, its power of impressing us as a truthful record of an important fact, or series of facts?—that, in short, the record should be much more free than it is from "the historical difficulties and obscurities which beset the subject?" To this objection, however, a not unsatisfactory reply may, perhaps, be found. The truth having been given, it may, in its literary transmission, have been left to the ordinary fortunes attending other historical statements coming down from the most ancient times. It was the *truth itself*, its existence and practical influence in the world among living men, that was of chief importance, not the manner of its introduction, or its written historical preservation. A perpetual miracle to keep the record pure from traditional, unhistorical, admixture, was not required for the due preservation and diffusion in the world of the communicated truth; and nothing less than a perpetual miracle, of an extraordinary kind, could have effected what the objection stated implies we ought to meet with. And, it may be added, the result to the world has been all that was contemplated, or could have been effected by ever so pure and perfect an historical record. The truth given of old to a single family, or a single nation; *has* become the possession of a large proportion of mankind; *it has* been handed down by its first possessors to a gradually increasing multitude of men; and we can clearly trace its derivation, and descent to ourselves, from that one

source, and *from no other*. And is not this all that it is reasonable to look for, even on the supposition of the "divine origin" of the Hebrew Monotheism?

But the passage we have just quoted is further open to the objection of containing some amount of over-statement. The monotheistic belief ascribed to the early Jews is of too pure and decided a character. Doubtless a *foundation* was laid at a very early period for the highest faith in one supreme God, the righteous Judge of men. But the actual form which the doctrine assumed, as left even by Moses among his people, as apprehended by their minds, was probably of a lower character than that which the great Legislator himself held, perhaps even less pure than the faith of the ancient Patriarchs. How else shall we account for the so frequent falling away of the people into idolatrous practices, from the time of Moses down almost to the captivity? Are we to suppose that the Mosaic mission, to establish a really pure and lofty monotheism, altogether failed; and that it really required a thousand years to effect what the Legislator was in vain commissioned, or thought himself commissioned, to accomplish in a lifetime, or less? This seems to be needlessly to suppose the Divine Wisdom unable to bring to pass what it had itself desired and planned. Rather let us admit, what all the facts of the case suggest, that the early monotheism of the mass of the people was imperfect; that it was by no means the high and pure doctrine of the later prophets. Jehovah is, indeed, with them, "one Lord," and he is the nation's God; *their* God, to be alone worshipped by them. But other nations have their gods also, although Jehovah may be the most mighty of all. Is not this implied, in expressions of no uncommon occurrence, in the earlier books? Even in the First Commandment the existence of other gods seems to be implied, recognised as a real existence. And it was, probably, not possible to plant a higher form of the doctrine, a purer faith among this people—so that they would hold it fast as a cherished reality, a substantial possession of their own thought and experience. It was no small matter to limit them to One Object of worship, and to blend the recognition of Him with the ordinary laws, institutions, and customs of the nation. To familiarise them thus with One, and bind them to Him, was, no doubt, the most effective way of leading to the final

recognition of the nothingness of others. But this was only *gradually* attained. Through long ages of alternate fidelity and faithlessness, obedience and neglect, true worship and false, was the great truth being learnt—forced into the national mind, and made, at last, its sure and abiding property. And all this time, if we can at all rely on the history and traditions of the nation, the best minds among them were constantly filled with the conviction that Jehovah was “a very present help” unto them. The remarkable manner in which their laws, their institutions of every kind, their history and poetry, refer to Him, make Him ever the great central object of thought, seems to be sufficient, in the absence of any true parallel to it anywhere else, to assure us of the reality of that special manifestation of the divine power among this people which is so constantly asserted, or implied, in what remains to us of their literature.

The subject on which we have thus briefly touched is intimately connected with another of much interest to the Biblical student; and that is the question of the age, composition, and probable authorship, of the Mosaic books. The following passage, from the Section on the Pentateuch, indicates in general terms Mr. Higginson's position in regard to this much-debated topic:—

“In the case even of books professing a much lower antiquity than these books of Moses, it is unreasonable to strive for great certainty or exactness of opinion respecting their authorship or their date. It is far better to rest content with a general idea of the probabilities, or even the possibilities, of the case, however vague, when historical proof cannot be given, than to build precision of opinion upon ingenious conjecture. Convinced of the essential antiquity and genuineness of the books of Moses, I have not thought it necessary to persuade myself into an exact notion as to how much, or precisely which parts, were written in their present form by Moses himself, how much may have become confused by time and accident, or which parts may have been restored or added, on the knowledge, judgment, or conjecture of Jewish editors down to the time of Ezra, when we have proof that these very books were historically in existence in their present form. In this degree of uncertainty, I am content to leave the matter, equally deprecating the rashness of the attempt to prove everything in them to be of Mosaic age and authority, and the niggard scepticism which would treat them as mere traditions, or as fictions of comparatively modern origin.” (P. 75.)

The argument derived from certain characteristics of the last four books, against their composition so late as the time of Ezra or Josiah, is put fairly and strongly; and we quote it for the purpose of introducing a few remarks on a kindred subject:—

“Suppose that the priests in the time of Josiah, or that Ezra, still later, determined to reduce this traditionary law to writing, is it conceivable, on the ordinary principles of authorship, that the law should have been drawn up, under such circumstances, in that remarkable and peculiar *form* which it presents in the books of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy? The form is that of a journal—a diary. There is no classification of matters, no method of arrangement, no clear order of subjects, to guide the judgment and help the memory. The sequence of events is the only approach to order; and even that is often confused and broken, if we must not say violated, by gaps in some places, and repetitions elsewhere. Would not a priest under the monarchy, or Ezra, after the dispersion, have been more likely to produce something systematic, orderly, and perspicuous? Would it not have been at once a more obvious and a more rational and intelligible way of describing the institutions of Moses, to have classified the laws according to their subject-matter, instead of giving them forth in that promiscuous and puzzling manner in which they are found in the books of Moses? Surely they would have *codified* the law, if they had understood their own alleged object. They would have divided and arranged its contents, as Josephus did in some degree, and as studious men have done thoroughly since, into columns or chapters—one containing the laws against idolatry, another those which regulate sacrifice, another those of civic crimes and punishments, another those respecting the priests and levites, and so on. But in the books of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, what do we find? No attempt at classification whatever; but laws mixed up with history—first a narrative of some occurrence or other, and then a chapter or two of laws and regulations, arising, in part, sometimes (but not entirely nor always), out of those circumstances, and a great many chapters consisting of laws on many different subjects wholly unconnected, and provokingly miscellaneous. Now, if these laws were, in part at least, written down by Moses, or under his direction, at or near the time when he gave them as circumstances called for them, this would account for the want of classification, which is inexplicable on the other supposition. And the degree of disorder and want of arrangement that strikes us, beyond what this observation can account for, is again in favour of the idea that they were very anciently put into writing,

and that their original order (that of time) may have been somewhat disturbed by the chances to which literary works were subject in the course of ages, before the days of printing, and by subsequent additions and insertions. But it is less easily reconciled to the theory which ascribes their first publication to an age when their enactments were already accepted and observed, and when the object of the compiler would naturally have been to set them forth as clearly and intelligibly as he could." (Pp. 71, 72.)

The author, in both the above passages, virtually admits the principle of the document theory—although he makes no allusion to that theory, in stating "the probabilities, or even the possibilities, of the case." The question, however, whether not only the first book, but also the last four books, are a composite work, a compilation from several sources, or essentially one continuous whole, which, though written at different times, with reference to varying circumstances, and receiving some alterations and additions in later ages, is yet substantially from the same original hand, this question is evidently one that must be answered, before any attempt can properly be made to determine who the composer, on the latter supposition, may have been.

The document theory was first put forward in connection with Genesis, and has been received, very generally, without difficulty in its application to that book. It was first stated in detail, and in rather a complicated form, by Astruc, although not originated by him; and then, somewhat later, adopted by Eichhorn and others, in something like the form which it has since held. Thus far, however, it was only applied to Genesis—and beyond this position of the subject, the account given by Mr. Higginson (pp. 88—94) does not extend. The same theory was soon applied to the whole Pentateuch; and in the hands of Vater the work was shown to be made up of a number of fragments, originally unconnected, derived from unknown sources, and put together, with more or less skill, of course by unknown compilers. This fragment hypothesis, in its turn, gave way to the supposition of one or more principal original documents, which have received additions, and been subjected to alterations, from time to time, until the work assumed the compact and regular form which it now presents. This is a brief and comprehensive description of the document theory, as maintained by De Wette, and by Ewald. When, however, we

descend to particulars, we find considerable and important differences between these two eminent authorities.

We will speak first of De Wette's view, as the earliest in the order of time;—using his name thus prominently, not because he was the only originator or defender of this form of the theory, but simply because he is the most eminent and well known of its asserters. Several other investigators have contributed materially to bring about the present position of the question. In general terms, then, on this theory, the Pentateuch is made up of three principal constituents. (1.) The oldest and most important of these, and the one which determined the form and character of the whole, is the document Elohim—that in which the most usual name of the Deity in the portion relating to the ante-Mosaic times, was Elohim, and in which the name Jehovah did not occur until the time of the formal introduction of that name, as related in Exodus vi, 2—9, which is certainly Elohistie. This document in its original form was of some extent, and comprehensive in its design. It began with the history of the creation of the world, and continued through that of the flood, the call of Abraham, his life, and those of Isaac and Jacob, down to the death of Joseph in Egypt. Thus a large part of the book of Genesis is made up of the document Elohim.* But its materials do not end with this book. A considerable part of Exodus, and the whole of Leviticus, belonged to it; while in Numbers the Elohistie elements predominate, with, however, a large intermixture of supplementary matter. Thus, besides the primeval history of the world, and that of the patriarchs, this document embraced the deliverance from Egypt, much of the Mosaic legislation, and even the conquest of the land of Canaan; for its fragments can be detected even in the Book of Joshua. This fundamental portion of the present Penta-

* The chief exceptions are the following passages, which are to be ascribed to the Jehovist: viz. ii, 4—iii, 24; iv, vi, 1—8; vii, 1—10; vii, 17, 23; viii, 20—22; ix, 20—27; x; xi, 1—9; xii; xiii, except a verse here and there, as xii, 5, 6; xiv is an ancient fragment inserted by the Jehovist; xv; xvi; xix, 1—28, 30—38; xxii, 14—18; xxiv; xxv, 22, 23; xxvi, 1—33; xxvii, 1—45; xxviii, 13—16, 18, 19; xxx, 14—16; xxx, 25—42; xxxii, 22—32; xxxix, 1—5, 21—23; xlvii, 13—26. All the rest of Genesis is Elohistie. (De Wette, *Lehrbuch der hist. krit. Einl. &c.* 6te Aufl. § 150.) The separation of the documents in Exodus and Numbers is a more difficult and complicated business, and we do not attempt to represent it here.

teuch may still be separated, and re-constructed, with tolerable certainty; for it is to be known, not merely by the name Elohim, in the earlier part, but by its own peculiar words and expressions, as well as by a certain uniformity of spirit, conception, and plan. It is characterised by circumstantiality and repetition. The author was more careful than his reviser, the Jehovist, to give a true idea of the successive periods of which he writes; avoiding to represent the Jehovah worship, and other later usages and institutions, as having existed in the early times, and knowing how to transfer himself into them, and to depict their moral and other characteristics. (2.) This original document did not remain unaltered. It received large additions from some unknown reviser and amplifier, who was as fond of the name Jehovah as his predecessor had been of Elohim. Hence he may properly be termed the Jehovist; and what he has added to the original work is, of course, Jehovistic. His characteristics, in language, in spirit, and mode of representation, are equally marked with those of the earlier author. But what the Jehovist has added cannot be put together so as to form a complete and separate document, as in the former case. Hence it is hardly correct to speak of a document Jehovah at all—as we have, in truth, only unconnected fragments, which perhaps never really existed together as one whole. They do, however, present a sufficiently uniform literary character throughout, to justify us in regarding them all as proceeding from one and the same hand.

The Jehovist, moreover, it was who, working over the older document Elohim, interweaving with it his own materials, correcting, amplifying, or abridging, as the case might require, gave to the first four books of our present Pentateuch the form which they still very much retain. As yet Deuteronomy was not in existence; and it is probable that certain Elohist pieces now found in Deuteronomy originally stood at the end of Numbers. These pieces are, Deut. xxi, 14—22; xxxii, 48—52; and xxxiv, 1—9; and perhaps the work closed with what is now the first of these three passages. (3.) The whole book of Deuteronomy, excepting the portions just mentioned, and two or three others of no great extent, proceeds from some author other and later than the Jehovist. That the Deuteronomist is a different person from the Jehovist, De Wette is very positive,

in opposition to the conclusion of some other authorities, and notwithstanding important resemblances and coincidences between the two. We need not follow him in the details into which he enters in proof of his position, but content ourselves with simply recording the fact. The Deuteronomist, then, having composed his portion, attached it to the end of what is now the four earlier books; having first taken from the latter the three Elohistie passages before mentioned, and put them where they now stand; closing the whole with the small Jehovistic fragment which forms the last three verses of Deut. xxxiv, and which, we may suppose, came away with the larger passage when it was transferred from its original place to its present position.

Behold, thus, the five Books of Moses, according to the theory of De Wette!—a growth or elaboration of many long years, and of successive hands, finally complete not before the time of Josiah; the finding of the Book of the Law in the temple in his reign, about 624 B.C., being the first certain trace that we have of the existence of the completed work. As to the probable age of the different parts, De Wette does not speak very decidedly; his opinion seems to have undergone some change—the sixth edition of his *Einführung* (1845) making the document Elohim of less ancient date than he had formerly stated. According to his later view it comes down from a time not earlier than the reign of Jeroboam the first, about 975 B.C. How much more recent it may be, he does not attempt to determine. In Mr. Parker's English version of De Wette (founded on the edition of 1840) the date is considerably earlier—viz., the time of Samuel. The Jehovistic writer lived in or after the time of Joram, about 889 B.C.; at least not earlier, because he was acquainted with the revolt of the Edomites mentioned in 2 Kings viii, 20, and refers to it in Gen. xxvii, 40, putting the incident in the form of a prophecy into the mouth of Isaac. His date cannot, of course, be exactly defined; but it was, probably, not so late as the time of Hezekiah, as there are traces in two or three of the older prophets of an acquaintance with Jehovistic statements. These allusions, however, may be only to the subject-matter of those statements, and not to their existing literary form; and so they do not, in fact, really determine anything. Deuteronomy, again, belongs to a more recent period still.

It contains passages (as iv, 27; xxviii, 25, 36, 49, 64; xxix, 27, *et seq.*; xxxii, 5—33) which must have been written in the unhappiest period of the state, and with reference to the exile of the ten tribes. This brings the book down to a date subsequent to 722 B.C. And it may be a good many decades later than that; for, as we have just seen, the reign of Josiah is the earliest period at which we have certain traces of the existence of our present Pentateuch.

Ewald's theory carries the division of the documents to a greater length. The following brief outline is founded on his first edition,* from which the second, recently published, only deviates, we believe, in making one additional minor document:—(1) The oldest historical work forming, in scattered fragments, a distinguishable portion of our Pentateuch, may be termed the *Covenant Book*, or *Book of Covenants*. Materials from it are to be found in all the books from Genesis to Judges, except Leviticus and Deuteronomy.† They are, for the most part, brief and fragmentary; but may be recognised by certain common peculiarities, as well as by their difference from what proceeds from other and later hands. The object of the work, for example, was more purely historical, and the antique in it is more genuine; whereas other writers who have related the same incidents in the primitive history followed, in doing so, more definite legislative or prophetic objects. This must be allowed to be a little vague; but we are further informed that what remains of the Book of Covenants gives us the clearest view of the primitive times; and, brief as it is, contains a rich store of genuine historical representations which afford us the right key to the understanding of all later works. These

* *Gesch. d. Volkes Israel bis Christus*, i, pp. 42—164.

† The principal portions are as follows:—Genesis xi, 29, *et seq.*; xxi, 6—32; xxvi, 13—33; xxix—xxxiii, 17; more connected and unchanged are the following, viz. xxxv, 1—4, 6—8, 16—22; in xxxvii and xl, *seq.*, much may be derived from the oldest source, especially in the Egyptian sections of the history, but the document does not again appear unaltered previous to xlviii, 7, 22; and xlix, 1—23;—Exodus, iv, 18, 24—26; xiii, 17—19; much in xiv and nearly the whole of xv; xviii; xix, 3—xxiv, 11, the principal section of the Book of Covenants:—Numbers, xi, 4—9; xii, 1, 3; xx, 14—21; xxi, 1—9, 12—35; xxxii, 33—42:—Joshua, v, 2—12; much in x—xii; xv, 13—19, 45—47; xvi, 10; xvii, 11—18; xix, 47:—Judges, i—ii, 5, little changed; probably also x, 8; and much of ix. A good deal from this book is no doubt scattered in other places, and has been freely used and altered by later authors, as Ewald endeavours to show in treating of the other constituent documents.

fragments are further distinguished by peculiarities of language. Ancient forms, of rare occurrence elsewhere, particularly in prose, present themselves. In regard to these, however, we may observe, we do not see how an argument can be founded on them, in many of the instances; for it is not alleged that a given word occurs in all, or even many, of the fragments, so as to connect them together, as from one original. Old, or rarely used, words are found in other books, as Job, or Isaiah; but it is not thought necessary, on their account, to treat the passages in which they stand as appropriated fragments of some older document. One principal object of this oldest history was to record how the ancient treaties and covenants originated, and the fragments show that it described everything relating to this with special exactness. Thus we have the covenants between Jacob and Laban, Isaac and Abimelech, and Abraham and Abimelech, minutely described, and between these several instances there is great similarity of description. Hence no better name can be given to the work than that above stated—its old and real name being entirely lost. The origin of this book was not later than the second half of the period of the Judges; and not earlier, because Judges x, 3 is most probably derived from it, and this leads us to a period subsequent to the time of Gideon. The blessing of Jacob, Gen. xlix, 1—28, is also from the same book; and as this has every appearance of having been written by one who witnessed the scattered and disunited condition of the tribes, it affords us a tolerably certain mark of time, that time being the period of the Judges. So does verses 16, 17 of the same chapter, which refer to the fact of the small tribe of Dan being for a while raised to importance by the prowess of Samson, in his wars against the Philistines. This little poem, the blessing of Jacob, is the oldest of its kind, and was initiated by later writers, as in Deut. xxxiii. The author of the Book of Covenants belonged to the tribe of Judah, and dwelt in the south of the land—of which facts several indications present themselves, and might be mentioned had we the space. His was not the first literary composition of the kind, although the earliest of which we can gain any considerable knowledge. It rather pre-supposes an older literature, and introduces quotations from it, as in Num. xxi, 14, where the Book of the wars of the Lord is

quoted, and in other instances. In short, this work may be said even to have a learned air about it, in the manner in which it cites its references—as in the instance just given, “Wherefore it is said”—and again in the same chapter, verse 27.

(2) We come next to a document of more extent and importance—the *Book of Generations*, as we may name it, following such expressions of its own as we meet with in Gen. ii, 4, and other places. This work was more comprehensive than the last, and larger fragments of it may be pointed out.* It is also considerably later; and discovers its date in the references to after-times which it contains. The promises of prosperity, of numerous descendants, and of a race of kings (in such passages as Gen. xvii, 5, *et seq.*; xxxv, 11), indicate that these things all existed when the work was composed. The reign of Solomon is the most likely date. It cannot be later, for after his reign the prosperity of the kingdom began to decline. The surest mark of time is found in 1 Kings viii, 1—11, which passage, though it has passed through the hands of some later compiler, yet retains the clearest traces of having been originally composed by the author of the Book of Generations! This conclusion is justified by the comparison of certain words and phrases contained in the passage in Kings, with others reputed to belong to the Book of Generations. We thus reach a definite date for the completion of this book—viz. the first third of the reign of Solomon. This was a favourable time for the composition of such a work, a work of the highest character. As, among the Greeks, the period which followed their victories over the Persians naturally called forth a Herodotus and a Thucydides, so did the peaceful times introduced by the conquests of David witness higher efforts of literary composition among the Hebrews, and we see the most beautiful results of such efforts in this noblest of all their historical productions. The author was evidently a Priest or Levite, and shows himself familiar with all the offices and duties of the Priesthood. His work had a two-

* To this book may be assigned all the sections not expressly attributed to other sources; among them the more important are the following:—Gen. i—ii, 3; v, vi, 5—x, nearly all; xi, 10—26; xvii; xxv, 12—18 and 19, *seq.*; xxxiv; xxxvi; xxxvii, 2, *seq.*, and in the history of Joseph what is not from other documents:—Exodus, vi, 2, *seq.*; xxv—xxxii; xxxv—xl:—Leviticus, nearly the whole book:—Numbers, i—x; xv; xix; xxviii—xxx.

fold object. It aimed, first, from the point of rest now attained, to survey all past history, and go back to the commencement of all things. Israel is the great centre point of the world, whose annals converge from the beginning towards this. Thus the author endeavoured to attain and describe, historically, the origin of all nations—of Israel and its tribes, its heroes, institutions and laws, of all the races of the earth, of the earth and the heavens themselves. The phrases, "These are the generations," "This is the book of the generations," indicate sections from this work; perhaps this was its title. The author wrote, secondly, with a legislative aim, and is fond of accounting for laws, and stating their origin. He had, moreover, a true feeling for antiquity, and exhibits great beauty and grace of thought and diction. The character thus belonging to the work is evidently suitable to the time of composition, and the quiet and renown of the age of Solomon. This was, also, the first attempt to give anything like a complete account of the laws, and how they originated, although the briefer Covenant Book had included minor sections of the same character. The author mainly concerned himself with matters relating to religion and the priesthood, for it was an age of change, and the old religion had to defend itself against the spirit of innovation. He would seem to have fixed very arbitrarily on events and places as connected with the origin of different laws—as, for instance, in representing those about the sanctuary and the priesthood as given at Sinai. This appeared to be a suitable place of repose for their institution, and, therefore, he fixes their origin here. The laws are said to be given by Jehovah to Moses, and through the latter to the nation, only because in the author's time they were held to be sacred, and had long been so. Traditions from the time of Moses, and about him, formed the substance of the work. Of these there was still a rich store. The author was careful to adhere to what was old, and does not intermix the modern so much as later writers do. Thus, what he has preserved corresponds in spirit and colour to the reality, and gives life and value to the work. The Book of Generations probably terminated with the description of the building of Solomon's temple. Perhaps it included a brief sketch of the history from the death of Joshua to that event; but, if so, this has been lost, and the interval mentioned would, in the apprehension of this

writer, be of but slight importance. In regard to language, the work was peculiar, exhibiting great beauty, clearness, and warmth of feeling. Repetitions are employed to make the meaning plain. The descriptions are poetical and picturesque, as in Genesis i—ii, 4, which may serve as an example of all the rest. There is great accuracy, particularly in regard to names. The author would not give a name to a person at a part of his history previous to its introduction, as in the case of Abraham, whom he does not so call until after that name was given. So with Jehovah, in Exodus vi, 2; the name given to the Deity by this author, previous to the incident here related, being only Elohim, or God Almighty. From all that has been said, the work is easy to recognise and recover. It does not particularly refer to its sources of information; but probably employed written materials, as perceptible variety of language indicates. The matter thus used was, however, worked over and incorporated with the work, as Genesis xxxiii, 18—xxxiv, &c. The author, though a priest, and zealous for the law, was an able and commanding person—a leader of the people, a great legislative spirit. But he was not Moses; the latter was even a greater spirit!

(3). The old traditions were not all exhausted in the Book of Generations. Such as remained were variously modified by succeeding ages. There was a certain prophetic acceptance and treatment of the history in later times, and this became the more easy, the more distant a writer was from the event. Certain portions of this Pentateuch may be distinguished, both by language and internal character, as proceeding from a *Third Narrator*. The portions now referred to* probably embody materials more ancient than the writer's own date. For example the fourteenth chapter of Genesis is a precious fragment of an ancient work which may have been written even in ante-Mosaic times, among some Canaanitish tribe. This piece was inserted only because it mentions Abraham. The third writer was a North-Palestinian, living near the Phenicians. His style is even and measured, rising sometimes to a flowing eloquence. He frequently introduces dreams, to which he gives a prophetic turn, and use. He has a high appreciation of the prophetic spirit. He lived probably in the

* Viz. Genesis, xx, xxviii, 10—22; xxix — xxxi: — Exodus, ii, 1 — 22; xxxiv, 30 — 35: — Numbers, xi; xii, 6 — 8; in addition, Genesis, xiv, as mentioned above.

ninth or tenth century B.C., which was a time of prophetic activity, as we see in the case of Joel and Elijah. Some passages of his, as Numbers xi, remind us of Joel; but yet the author probably belonged to the kingdom or Israel, and his book may have been for that kingdom what the Book of Generations was for Judah.

(4). From a *Fourth Narrator* proceeds the whole of the present Pentateuch, and Joshua—with some exceptions, including Deuteronomy. This author was not later than the middle of the eighth century B.C., and lived in the kingdom of Judah. What he wrote is full of the prophetic spirit, and of prophetic ideas.* But it is free, in its treatment of the past; for instance, in connecting prophecies with events, as in the case of Noah, Gen. ix, 27, and of Balaam, Num. xxii—xxiv. Characteristic of this writer is the expression of certain great truths and influences which first began to be seen and felt about his time—the Messianic hopes, the value of trial as a test of faith, and the infinite mercy of God, (Gen. viii, 21, 22; xviii, 1; xix, 28; xxii, may be referred to, among others mentioned). He reveals a certain narrowness of nationality, which is attended with some falling off in literary excellence, and in feeling towards foreign nations. Such passages as Gen. ix, 20—27; xix, 31—38, show this, and distinguish the present narrator from the last mentioned, and assimilate him more to Joel, and other prophets. His language is a well-developed prose, not so simple or full of matter as that of the Book of Generations, and the transition to poetry and the poetic form is easy to him; as we see in Gen. xxiv, 60; xxv, 23; xxviii, 27—29, and other instances. Adherence to his sources, or exactness of description, does not distinguish him. In fact, he uses great freedom in his treatment of history, and transfers his modern ideas and usages to the primitive times. Thus he ascribes the offering of Mosaic sacrifices to Cain and to Noah, and uses the name Jehovah without hesitation, in speaking of times long before those in which that name was really known; in all this differing much from the author of the Book of Generations.

* The principal sections are these:—Genesis, ii, 4—iv, vi, 1—4; ix, 27; xi, 1—11; xii, 1—3; xv; xvi, 7—14; xviii, 1—xix, 28; xxii; xxiv; xxvi, 4, *seq.*; xxvii, 27—xxix, 39;—Exodus, xxxii—xxxiv;—Numbers, xxii—xxiv.

The age of this author we have already mentioned. It is disclosed by the relations existing in his time between Israel and neighbouring nations. Edom, Ammon, and Moab, had recovered their power, or were in rebellion; and, in the history of Balaam, the *future* of that prophet is the author's *present*. In his time the Assyrians had made themselves known, and were probably threatening to some of the neighbouring nations; but not to the Jews, by whom they were regarded as friendly down to the time of Uzziah; and hence Balaam speaks of their leading the Kenites and Amalek away captive. The latter tribes had probably joined the Idumeans against Israel, and so roused the attention and the resentment of this writer. The prophecy put into the mouth of Balaam, Num. xxiv, 23, 24, represents, probably, a recent occurrence of the time—viz. the piratical descent of Cyprian ships upon the coasts of Canaan and Syria. The language of this author also corresponds to the date thus assigned to him, and several other indications lead to the same conclusion.

The object of the fourth narrator was to recast, and represent in a modernised and more beautiful form, the old traditions about the primitive times. Ancient conceptions were no longer sufficient or satisfactory to the new taste, and he aimed, therefore, at a more artistic and literary treatment of the old materials. Many a tradition from former times, that might otherwise have perished, would thus be revived and made attractive; and there can be no doubt that we owe the preservation of some things to this spirit of renovation and adornment. This recasting of the ancient history was undertaken, also, to make way for the introduction of such great prophetic ideas as we have before mentioned, and which had risen into prominence at this time. New traditions had, moreover, formed themselves; and in particular, were derived from increasing intercourse with other nations. These, modified by the influence of his religion, the author introduced into the history; instances are, Gen. ii, 5—iii; vi, 1—4; xi, 1—11. He also sought to reconcile, and select from, the mass of traditions at that time constituting the accepted body of history. The most different products of different ages and regions had been accumulated indiscriminately together. The age was becoming *learned*; and this author's aim was to collect and

harmonise, in accordance with the spirit and requirements of the day, these various materials. Consequently, he does not write much himself, or independently, but is rather a collector and reviser. He took the three works previously described, which had hitherto existed as independent and separate works, and made them his basis, the Book of Generations being his main source and guide. He took the opening chapter of this (Gen. i) for the commencement of his new work, and putting his materials together to form one whole, he changed but little, adding at the points of transition, and here and there introducing the newer matter before spoken of, sometimes along with the older—as in Gen. xv, which he inserted, although Gen. xvii was already before him, and a part of the same work. Acting too much in the spirit of a mere compiler, this author allowed also such passages as Gen. iv, 26 to remain along with such as Exod. vi, 2; an admission, we may observe, somewhat inconsistent with the representation of this author as one whose great object was to combine and harmonise. He thus endeavoured out of all these materials to produce a new history, more suitable, in his view, to the wants and spirit of the times. The history, as left by him, did not extend beyond the death of Joshua in any complete form; there being only a few brief and fragmentary additions relating to the period between that event and the author's own day.

(5.) We come next to a purely artistic representation of the ancient history in *Deuteronomy*. From the end of the eighth century the prophetic power began to decline. Later times were also unequal to any great improvement or development of the laws already in existence. But literary activity continued, and employed itself upon the Mosaic age—the great period which stood for and included the highest manifestations of the legislative and prophetic spirit. The commencement of this revising of the Mosaic history is seen in Leviticus xxvi, 3—45; which is an interpolated passage of prophetic promise and threatening, more diffuse and oratorical than Ex. xxiii, 23, *seq.* This piece resembles in style and language the Book of Generations, but is not by the same author. There is an allusion to the destruction of the northern kingdom in verses 36—40, and the whole, from the feeling which it manifests, was probably written by a descendant of one of the exiles. It belongs to the end of the

eighth or beginning of the seventh century B.C., as may be inferred further from the fact, that imitations of it are found only in the later books, Deuteronomy, Jeremiah, Ezekiel. We have a continuation of the same effort and the same spirit in the fifth book of Moses, and parts of Joshua. The author of these, a subject of the Southern kingdom residing in a foreign land, after the fall of Israel, and the death of Hezekiah, when a period of disregard for the law seemed impending, undertook the attempt to alter and renew the old law, in accommodation to the wants of the age; seeking, by the aid of prophetic exhortations, to commend its observance, as the only salvation of the nation. He does this within the limits of the Mosaic period, and with a free use of the materials before him. In point of external form he attaches himself to the ancient history; but mere narrative soon falls into the back-ground, serving solely either for the introduction of speeches and exhortations, or for isolated objects of authorship, and consisting of only a few words or sentences thrown in here and there. The Deuteronomist had probably other sources before him, which are now lost, as well as the rest of the Pentateuch in the form given to it by the fourth narrator. It was a literary age, fond of collecting the old historical writings, and becoming more and more learned. Hence the preservation of some things which might have been lost. These historical materials are everywhere introduced, not for their own sake, however, but with a legislative and prophetic purpose. The oratorical style of the work indicates the seventh century; a late period, when the oratory of the prophets was beginning to decline. We see the decline in this work.

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tion, and had witnessed, or been informed of, the desolation of the northern kingdom. The proper conclusion and crown of the whole is the passage forming chapters xxix and xxx. What follows, to chapter xxii, 47, is merely the consistent carrying out of the artificial plan of the work; and exemplifies a liberty and boldness of treatment which former writers would not have taken. This is a mark of comparative lateness. Yet the author, having old materials before him, which probably were regarded as Mosaic, might thus employ them, and so his work come to be regarded as from Moses himself. The Song of Moses, Deut. xxxii, was written by some unknown hand, probably in the last quarter of the eighth century, and adopted by the Deuteronomist as more suitable, instead of some other song previously standing in this place. This author, also, gave its present form to Joshua, to show how that leader obeyed the new law, and was successful in consequence. This completed his work, and fulfilled his great design.

The age of the Deuteronomist was the second half of the reign of Manasseh, and he wrote in Egypt. There is only one passage of later date than this, viz. Deut. xxxiii, which was probably written during the prosperous times of Josiah, when the religion was more observed. This piece is by an unknown poet, of the time of Jeremiah, and is attached to the work only loosely and externally. It shows us how much the writers of the seventh century sought to make their thoughts appear as from Moses, and to connect them with his history. Excepting this addition the Deuteronomist is the last composer, or re-arranger, of the work which we now term the Pentateuch and Joshua. We thus see the uncommon fortunes which this great production experienced from its commencement until its final completion in the seventh century B.C., and how it combines within itself the most beautiful and durable results of literary labour and skill, throughout a succession of centuries. We see the same kind of progressive growth, in this case, as in the collection of the Prophets, that of the Psalms, and of the Proverbs—only that in the case of the Law, the names of the successive writers have not been preserved, as they often have in the other instances. Much of the peculiarity and clearness of the early history has, of course, been lost through this long succession of changes. The Deuteronomist intro-

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Deuteronomy may be regarded as holding the same position in the Old Testament, which St. John's Gospel occupies in the New. It is the author himself who speaks in what he attributes to Moses, and in Joshua he would set an example of obedience to the law for the king of his time to follow. Amidst some further explanations and illustrations of his view, Ewald, it may be observed, omits to show us how the writer of Deuteronomy could have any power to give the kind of new validity and interpretation to the old law which is supposed. The curses which are introduced near the close of this book, are described at such length, because the author lived in times of disobedience and afflic-

tion, and had witnessed, or been informed of, the desolation of the northern kingdom. The proper conclusion and crown of the whole is the passage forming chapters xxix and xxx. What follows, to chapter xxii, 47, is merely the consistent carrying out of the artificial plan of the work; and exemplifies a liberty and boldness of treatment which former writers would not have taken. This is a mark of comparative lateness. Yet the author, having old materials before him, which probably were regarded as Mosaic, might thus employ them, and so his work come to be regarded as from Moses himself. The Song of Moses, Deut. xxxii, was written by some unknown hand, probably in the last quarter of the eighth century, and adopted by the Deuteronomist as more suitable, instead of some other song previously standing in this place. This author, also, gave its present form to Joshua, to show how that leader obeyed the new law, and was successful in consequence. This completed his work, and fulfilled his great design.

The age of the Deuteronomist was the second half of the reign of Manasseh, and he wrote in Egypt. There is only one passage of later date than this, viz. Deut. xxxiii, which was probably written during the prosperous times of Josiah, when the religion was more observed. This piece is by an unknown poet, of the time of Jeremiah, and is attached to the work only loosely and externally. It shows us how much the writers of the seventh century sought to make their thoughts appear as from Moses, and to connect them with his history. Excepting this addition the Deuteronomist is the last composer, or re-arranger, of the work which we now term the Pentateuch and Joshua. We thus see the uncommon fortunes which this great production experienced from its commencement until its final completion in the seventh century B.C., and how it combines within itself the most beautiful and durable results of literary labour and skill, throughout a succession of centuries. We see the same kind of progressive growth, in this case, as in the collection of the Prophets, that of the Psalms, and of the Proverbs—only that in the case of the Law, the names of the successive writers have not been preserved, as they often have in the other instances. Much of the peculiarity and clearness of the early history has, of course, been lost through this long succession of changes. The Deuteronomist intro-

duced the name of the Book of the Law of God, or of Moses, and so this has remained as the appellation of the completed work, while the older names have been lost, or have passed into the back-ground. The ancient divisions and subdivisions and marks of different hands, would naturally be lost by degrees, and the whole work, finally, and in Egypt, we know not by whom, was divided into six parts—five of the Pentateuch and Joshua. Yet much that is original and from the most ancient times can still be detected, as well as the history of the growth of the work. This last has not been altogether hidden, at least before that more exact investigation which alone is either becoming or fruitful in results.

Such, in the slightest outline, is the account which Ewald offers of the composition of the first six books of the Old Testament. It is needless to add, that we have not attempted to give anything like the whole of the details and illustrations by which he imparts so much of interest and the appearance of probability to his statements. We can only hope that the necessary rapidity of our sketch may not leave any very false impression, either of the main features of the scheme, or of the spirit in which its author works it out. To render our outline more complete, we must not omit to state more distinctly that De Wette, as well as Ewald, acknowledges the use, or appropriation, by the successive authors, of already existing, and ancient, materials. Both the Elohist and the Jehovist may, in their turn, to some extent be resolved into their constituent documents; while Ewald's five or six compilers may, as we have seen, easily be doubled in number, by reckoning the original composers of the pieces which remain in a connected and still separable form; and, indeed, as we have already intimated, the author of this theory has, in his new edition, detached another short independent document.

Merely to place the two theories side by side—proceeding as they do from two such men—affords in itself an interesting and suggestive comment upon them. The whole theory of Ewald, it must be confessed, is most ingenious; exhibiting, however, a fineness, or rather subtlety, of discrimination which does not really so much win confidence, as forbid or shake it. In a word, the theory is open to the objection that no sufficient *evidence* of its truth is presented to

us, nor, perhaps, from the nature of the case, can be given. It would require at least Ewald's own presumed delicate perception of the niceties and peculiarities of Hebrew style, to enable a reader fully to appreciate his statements, and to rest satisfied on his conclusions. The points of separation, as he states them, are often clear enough; but we feel, in reading what he says, that others might have been selected on the same principles, and made to appear equally distinct; and, indeed, you might, probably, without much difficulty, dissect and separate into minor documents, in the same way, any ancient history, as that, for example, of Herodotus. To vary our objection, the theory is too arbitrary, and this was evidently very much the feeling of De Wette, when, in the Preface to the Sixth Edition of his *Einleitung*, he remarks that it is a pity that Ewald has omitted to support his many conjectures by sufficient evidence; adding, that he was probably not in a position to do so. The Theorists, again, seem too much to lose sight of the fact that no very ancient historical style can be expected to present the polished smoothness and regularity of a Gibbon, or a Macaulay. It will be found rather rough and abrupt; the composer inserting details as derived from oral tradition or any other source, word for word, and piece for piece, without much effort to assimilate them, in shape or colour, to the main body of his work. Thus may an old author give to what he writes the appearance of being a mere compilation from already existing documents, whereas it may all the while be the work of one individual writing down, perhaps for the first time, the information he thus gathers from divers quarters.

As to the alleged resemblances in spirit, style, and language, which enable our investigators to piece together the scattered fragments, and put them as they originally stood, how shall we rely implicitly on such evidence, when we remember the great diversities which, on some points, exist even between the advocates of the same general view? In the case of Deuteronomy xxxiii, for example, one authority (Tuch) takes this for a portion of the oldest document, while Ewald thinks it later than the great bulk of Deuteronomy; and, respecting Deut. xxxii, De Wette remarks that Ewald, and one or two others, have an hypothesis to which he cannot see his way. De Wette tells us that Deut. xxxii,

48—52, and xxxiv, 1—9, are Elohistie, and xxxiv, 10—12, Jehovistic. Ewald very positively affirms that the last of these passages belongs to no one but the Deuteronomist. In regard to the other two, let any one examine them, and judge whether sufficient grounds appear for making the distinction, closely connected as they are with the context, and necessary to the completeness of the book as it stands. Moreover, Gesenius (as reported by Stähelin, p. 72) ascribes these sections, as well as xxxiii, to the Deuteronomist.

The author last named, Stähelin,* we must now mention, is directly opposed to De Wette, in a point of fundamental importance. He can trace the document Jehovah down, through Joshua and Judges, into the Books of Samuel; and suggests further that its author was probably the prophet Samuel himself, or, at least, one of his disciples; the reason assigned for this opinion being, simply, that the Jehovistic portions of Samuel make no mention of the death of that prophet! But this is not all; Stähelin perceives that Deuteronomy is from the very pen of the Jehovist; a position established, he thinks, by the great resemblances in language, style, general spirit, and purpose, which are everywhere apparent. The date of composition is, of course, much earlier than that stated by De Wette; being shown by various considerations to have been the time of Saul. The document Elohim must, consistently, belong to a much earlier time still, and Stähelin finds sufficient reasons for fixing its origin near the commencement of the period of the Judges—about thirteen hundred years B.C. If this view be adopted, then we must consider the entire Pentateuch to have proceeded from the Jehovist. The work would, on the same supposition, consist of only two principal constituents, the document Elohim, and the supplementary matter incorporated by the Jehovist (or Deuteronomist), and the whole would have come down to us from so high an antiquity as the age of Samuel.

Again, repeated instances present themselves of disagreement in the separation of the documents. Passages, often of some length and importance, are taken by one to be Elohistie, and by another as Jehovistic, and *vice versa*. Then we have to call to mind such statements as this, viz. that in Jacob's bless-

* Kritische Untersuchungen ü. d. Pent., &c.

ing, Genesis xlix, verses 1—29 have been either interpolated by the Elohist, or else composed by him, except that verse 18 is from the Jehovist. So, we may well hesitate, when we are told* that verses 12, 13, in Genesis 1, originally stood at the end of xlix, finishing the history there, but the Jehovist, on adding chapter 1, giving particulars relating to the mode in which the last wish of Jacob was carried out, transferred these two verses into the middle of the passage in which they now stand.

Instances of this kind might be increased in number; and in the face of such differences between men who are, probably, equally skilled in the subject, and in the face of the fact that there are other scholars, again, who take an entirely opposite course, and maintain the essential unity of the last four books in language, plan, and spirit, we should evidently not be too confident that we have, in any given case, the exact point of separation, the exact document, or fragment of a document, presumed. At the same time, it must be confessed, there is, amidst much disagreement, a very substantial recognition of certain broad, general features. There are points of agreement even between Ewald and those who appear to hold a widely different view; his Book of Generations, for example, corresponding in a considerable degree to the document Elohim of De Wette. Indeed, we may remember, that even those who maintain the Mosaic authorship of the five Books, recognise the existence of separable documents, or memoirs, in Genesis at least, as well as the fact that some additions have been made to other books; as Mr. Wellbeloved, in his Commentary on Deut. ii, 10—12, and 20—23; and in reference to ch. xxxiv, of the same book, he observes, "that it was not written by Moses," but by some later person. And what can be more likely than that, in such an ancient work as the Pentateuch—a book containing the collected laws and the primitive history of a nation—there should be traceable such an appropriation of originally separate and independent materials, as the document theory supposes? But that this fundamental principle can be applied and carried out, with any sufficient certainty, in the minute way which some of the German critics have attempted, appears to be at least very questionable.

* Knobel, *Die Genesis*, p. 343.

We cannot attempt, here, to set forth at length the arguments by which it is sought to shake the credit of the document theory, or to overthrow it altogether. There is now quite a literature on the subject. And not without much force may it be variously urged that the Pentateuch is one connected whole, with a pervading uniformity of language and purpose such as we expect to find in a work proceeding from a single author; that no such separation of documents as is pretended, can be made, because portions continually occur which contain references, in some way, to what is found, not in the same supposed document, but in what is assumed to be part of a different one; that alleged characteristic words and phrases are not confined to the same document, but may be found elsewhere; that even Deuteronomy does not differ so much as is asserted in either language or ideas, when due allowance is made for the later time and circumstances amidst which the author takes his stand; that the names Jehovah and Elohim, so far from marking distinct sources, are used by the one composer with a peculiar suitableness to the character of the context in which they are respectively introduced, reference being had to the original import of each name; and that alleged indications of lateness, such as we have in Gen. xii, 6, and Lev. xviii, 28, are capable of easy explanation, without supposing that the whole work in which they are found was written at a comparatively late date. From these various propositions we must pass on, to notice a subject which is too much lost sight of in these discussions. It is not, we think, sufficiently kept in view that for two hundred and fifty years the Jewish people were divided into two separate kingdoms. For this long period these kingdoms existed side by side, had perpetual intercourse with each other, and sometimes engaged in angry warfare. To this prominent fact in the history of the nation the Prophets and even the Chronicles frequently allude. Then how is it that neither the document Elohim, nor the Jehovistic additions to it, which were all composed, according to De Wette, *after* the separation, make any reference to this important circumstance; that they have not even a prophecy, or an allusion, that can be certainly interpreted as proving the writer's knowledge of the divided state of his people? Indeed the whole law, with its connected history, appears

strongly to imply the essential unity of the nation ; a remark which is especially true of the first four books. Accepting, then, the supposition of one original work, enlarged and altered by the additions and corrections of later hands, as most truly corresponding to the facts of the case, and consequently relieving the interpretation of the Pentateuch from many difficulties—a supposition which, moreover, goes far to reconcile very conflicting theories, and which is substantially admitted by such authorities as Mr. Wellbeloved, and Dr. Palfrey, not less than by the farther-going German critics, whose names we have so often mentioned—accepting this supposition, we are yet compelled, as we think, by the facts of the case, to place the composition of this original document much earlier than is admitted by De Wette or by Ewald. We do not pretend to fix the date exactly, but think a later time than the reign of Solomon for the existing form of all the books, except, perhaps, Deuteronomy, very improbable ; while the original document must be older still, and if not itself from the very time of Moses, must yet have embodied materials—including fundamental laws, some outline of the actual history, and the essentially monotheistic and theocratic design of Judaism—proceeding from the age—and why not from the pen?—of the great Legislator himself.

The bearing of the document theories on the question of the origin and history of the Hebrew religion, and the necessity of settling the former question, before pronouncing on the latter, is very evident. But not to attempt to pursue the subject further, we must now return to the volume which has called forth our remarks, only for the purpose of parting from it on the most friendly terms. Among the many subjects which it brings forward, there are still several which might claim a share of our attention, had we space for a fuller discussion. The question of inspiration, the design and integrity of the Book of Job, the arrangement of the Prophets, the authenticity of the latter half of Isaiah, and the age of the Book of Daniel, are some of the interesting topics now referred to. On some of these we should have to record our dissent from Mr. Higginson : as, for example, on the interpretation of Joel, and the chronological position which he assigns to that book, which, we think, may be satisfactorily

shown to be much too late. But we must now conclude; and we do so by again expressing the pleasure with which we have perused this volume, taking it as a whole, and considering the avowed purpose of the author; and by acknowledging that he has imparted a freshness and an interest to some old subjects, which are often wanting in works of this kind.

ART. IV.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION, IN
ITS RELATIONS TO RELIGION.

The Principles of Education, an Elementary Treatise designed as a Manual or Guide for the use of Parents, Guardians, and Teachers. By Hugo Reid. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longman.

WE cannot but hail this little book as a praiseworthy attempt, amid an almost universal empiricism in teaching, to place the art on something like a philosophy of education. Practically, indeed, Mr. Reid has succeeded in doing little more in this attempt than to show the necessity of such a philosophy. His book is full of valuable practical hints, the results of observation used by sagacious instincts and superior feelings. Mr. Reid's mind has too little of the philosophic insight into the mysteries of our mental nature to deal with a subject which lies entirely within them. We recommend the work to the careful attention of those for whom it is designed. It will enable them to avoid many mistakes, and suggest many a light of guidance amid dark ways; but for even a near approach to a Philosophy of Education we have yet to look, and to other quarters than to the simply practical man.

It is astonishing how meagre is our literature in the department of educational philosophy. It can scarcely be said that we have any good book upon the subject. Since the time of Locke, scarcely a single mind of any great profundity and capaciousness of thought, united with ripeness of learning, has been tempted aside to give it even a temporary attention. This cannot be owing to any contempt that our best minds feel for the subject. Its own inherent importance entitles it to the first rank in their attention, but historical antecedents have given such a peculiar prominence to other subjects, that this has been thrust from the field of philosophic thought. The great war of metaphysical and religious controversy into which we are born, the political contests which are ever recurring, the scientific demands

of our material civilisation, and the ideal of the educated man which custom and tradition have established in the public mind, all tend to fix the direction of study and philosophical thought. Education has, indeed, been a grand interest of humanity, but it has not been its fortune to become the watchword of party, or its study the passport to social distinction. And yet what nobler prerogative belongs to those who have scaled the height and fought their way into the citadel of man's intellectual and spiritual life, than to look forth with encouraging eye and helping hand to the multitudes of humanity who lie and grope below? But, alas! just as of old, the conscious power and courage of the captain on the field, and the triumph that crowned his daring, raised him to be one of the great aristocracy—the *Barons*—the *MEN* who looked down with contempt on the inferior multitude, so it is apt to be still. The heroes of mind are liable to cherish the feeling,—“If any one would have education, he must fight his own way towards it as we have done. If he will not, neither is he worthy to share it.” But, perhaps, there are millions who cannot fight their way with the same success; God has not endowed them with the same strength and burning energy. To say, “Then let them remain where they are,” is the part of a haughty self-will. To say rather, “Come, my weaker brother, trust to my stronger arm; let me pioneer the way before thee,” is the part of true greatness. This proud consciousness of strength has sympathy only with strength, and scorns to clear the path to wisdom—to draw up by help and guidance from above, to leave less for rough bold instinct pushing up from below, lest the few stalwart spirits should be made effeminate, finding no resistance to call their energies into action. The scorn is unworthy any mind that has felt the infinite nature of truth. Does any know so little of knowledge, or else has come so near its farthest boundaries, as to imagine that any smoothing, by all the philosophers in the world, of the path to truth, would leave any fewer difficulties for the mind to grapple with? You need not fear that any effort of man's will ever make the road to knowledge a dead smooth level. The best you can do is to see that the strength is not wasted on small and unnecessary difficulties, that the mind is not retarded amid perplexing paths, and thorns, and briars, and quicksands, but is brought on swiftly

to those real difficulties which are truly worthy its most manful efforts. There are truths like great mountains. Their roots go down into the depths of things, and their tops reach up to catch the light of heaven. And how many of us try our strength in climbing their sides, and catch the tone of health from their bracing winds, more than we could ever do toiling over the weary and tangled plain? Multitudes are so detained for ever amid the small impediments of knowledge, the toilsome paths through marsh and thicket, that they never catch sight of the mountains—those truths which contain the mines of real wisdom, and elevate us into a purer atmosphere of inspiration. Come then, ye nobler minds, and construct for all, strong and weak, the railroad to the mountains. The strong shall scale the summits. The weak, at least shall wander along their base and look up and wonder.

This consciousness of superior strength, then, seems to us to have something to do with the neglect of the philosophy of education by our higher minds. It breeds in them want of sympathy with weakness, and a despair of lending it help. And we have spoken as if this consciousness was just; but are we sure that it is so? Are we sure that the advanced place which the cultivated classes have attained, is owing always, or even generally, to an original difference of mental strength, or the possession of a nature of some inherently nobler quality? Who can tell what note from the harmonies of Nature may not have touched some chord of his inner being, and waked him into life? This may be the source of all his enthusiasm and power. Is it not, then, the part of those more favoured sons of Wisdom to endeavour to do for others what she, of her own free will, has done for them?—to search until they have found how holy truth may be revealed to *their* eyes in the aspect which kindles the inspiration, never again forgotten—until they have found the deep note which touches the chord whose music sighs for ever? Such a search, then, it appears to us, is the true province of the Philosophy of Education.

And does not Providence avenge upon us this deadness to its noblest call? Has it not so bound together fidelity to our advantages by communicating to the spiritual life of others, and the full realisation of that life in ourselves, that when we neglect the one we miss the other? Is not the one great

idea that should both underlie and govern all our mental culture that of self-education? And if, then, we will not search for the universal laws of education for all, shall we not grope in the dark, and waste many a mighty effort, beating the air ourselves? We confess our helplessness when we would find the mode of conveying our greater thoughts to the smaller minds of the young and the ignorant. Is it not because we do not fully *comprehend* these thoughts ourselves? We do not see their seeds and roots. They are not orderly arranged in our understanding, so that we can build them up particle by particle, and see the living filaments of truth by which they are combined. We cannot take our knowledge into pieces small enough to meet the low powers of appropriation of small minds. It is because our souls do not perceive and feel through their every atom, but flutter unsteadily, and with indistinct grasp and vision, round the larger portions of our truth. We confess our helplessness to make truth interesting to minds less susceptible to love truth when seen in its severe and naked essence. It is because, content with our logical instincts, we do not see truth with all our own nature in its various relations. We are, perhaps, content with the one sober colour of truth, which is, like the gray light of morning, reflected from the mist; but we seek not the fuller light which brings out all the rainbow colours of the varied emotions—beauty and wonder, awe and worship, and those human sympathies with which all truth stands connected. We do not know how to approach women, and peasants, and children—to use Maurice's classification; we seem to have no side of our nature to turn to them. Is it not because the woman, the peasant, the child, which lie in our nature, are not developed? We are not truly educated—not educated downward as well as upward. Our knowledge consists only of branches broken from the tree of wisdom, and planted in our minds, gathering sometimes from a happy richness of soil and congeniality of climate nutriment enough to live and grow, but as often becoming mere dry and withered forms. May not the great Educator have seen more deeply than we have understood, when He said, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, he shall not enter therein?"

Now if we would descend to the field of education for the sake of others, we should often find for ourselves those pre-

cious germs of truth whose deep meaning is the life that gives nobility and beauty to all the ideas they draw to themselves, to form the organic structure of knowledge. Those who dig for the roots and first principles of things are often laughed at as abstract and speculative. Our practical English mind has not much sympathy with them. But they may be led on by the dim perception of a great fact, of which the multitude of mankind never dream—that there are somewhere hidden in the depth of things those vital and central germs of truth in which the meaning of the universe seems condensed, which when once found are a perpetual source of inspiration. There are truths, we believe, lying—not upward, in the expansion of our knowledge, but downward—at its very roots, through which the secret spirit of truth seems to make its outcoming into the mind, and to throw up a perpetual stream of wisdom through and over all the future stores of the mind, filling them with a rich, and vast, and holy significance. These are the truths small as mustard seed, least of all seeds, despised by our childish impatience, which indeed “wake to perish never.” They are radiant sparks which

“Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing.”

It seems to us, then, that our intellectual culture too much wants the life of these primary germs of truth; and it wants them because men have not descended into the work of education in which they must, perforce, have sought them. We have a modest suspicion that the very first idea that meets us when we thus descend—the idea of education itself—is one of these germs, lying at the beginning of all knowledge, all philosophy, all education, and all life. Whether you ask the meaning of existence from the secret oracles of the human spirit—its own intuitions and laws; or ask the noblest man whom you know to understand and express for you the instinctive aim of all his life, the answer will be alike—education. We know no nobler purpose of our being than to educate these latent capacities for life, to call out all our being; not indeed at random, or according to our self-will; but according to a divine light within shedding its different degrees of glory amid this life itself. To be all of myself is a purpose worthy my existence. And to be all

myself, my spirit must go forth from its own solitude, into all things beautiful and great that God has made; it must go forth, and live in many a dear heart, and fill by sympathy the inner lot of many a brother. And prayer is the last and highest expression of our full deep being. Therefore,

"He prayeth well who loveth well
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made, and loveth all."

And if the meaning of our being is education, the meaning of the Universe is education too. Here it stands an eternal deep, with its infinite music singing its own infinite poem of creation, glorifying its wondrous sculptures and paintings for ever. And what is it? An outworking of the Eternal Spirit, a divine language, a "Word," by which he expresses Himself, and becomes Himself in all His fulness. If the universe may not be called the *education* of the Divine Spirit, but only his *effusion*, it is because he could have nothing from without to draw him forth; he must put himself forth from within. The universe embodies that great fact with regard to the Infinite Spirit, of which education in our spirits is the earthly antitype. And then the universe is also the very means of this education. It is, first, the embodied thought and emotion of an infinite mind, and then, secondly, it stands to draw forth the thought and emotion of finite minds. Even if we survey the animal life which geology and zoology contemplate, and think of the universe as existing to fill the capacities of that vast unseen world of purely sensational being that mother-earth bears along upon her bosom, its meaning is education. For in what relation does it stand to that being, but as a system of adaptations, fitted to call forth into active reality the life and enjoyment that lie possible within every creature, and which, perhaps, low as they are, are yet the first faint and far-off shadow of shadows of the life within the eternal mind itself? But to man, the meaning of the universe is education, not of this far-off shadow, but of a life of intellect, affection, reverence, conscience, which is the very image of the Eternal Reality itself.

Education, again, is the meaning of Science. For what is science but that light from the great universe of truth pass-

ing into our minds, through which that universe both directly draws us forth, or by which it shows us how to make its elements our servants to draw forth the life that we crave? Take then, first, the direct function of science—to draw us forth immediately;—does not this very conception of its educational function guide us in its study? Ought we not, then, to seek to *know with our whole nature*, that our whole nature may be educated? We must always see our knowledge, it is true, with the eye of thought, but the image must fall upon the sensitive and varied retina of the emotions, or it can have no possible interest for us. Now we are too apt to see truth with only one emotion, one point of the retina. Our books of knowledge appeal mostly to the feeling, which is satisfied through the apprehension simply of the *reason of things*. But every truth has many sides, and it is by looking at it all round that we see attributes and relations which appeal to the manifold portions of our higher nature. In our morning walks, how often have we paused with a childish delight to survey on various sides the drop of dew suspended from the tip of the leaf or thorn. Seen in front, it presented only the sober light which revealed the clear and crystal globule; but, moving our eye a little aside, a ray of intense splendour would blaze out upon us; at one point, the blue white light of the star, then the golden light of the sun, then red and green and purple. So it is with every truth. And see, by the one-sided regard we bestow upon truth, what fractional parts of our humanity each of us educates in himself! Here is the philosopher, who sees truths only in this cold, hard, crystal light of logical relation; and men feel something cold, hard, and ungenial in his mind. The mass of men, whose life lies in the warm tide of passion and feeling circulating through them, seem to feel him as out of immediate relation to them, away in a calm icy region of his own. Then, again, you have the artist mind, looking at thought only on the æsthetic side. His feeling, reposing on no core of certitude, no substance of clear, well-defined conviction, gives no manly strength to his life, and becomes a soft flickering sentimentalism. And then, again, if those who show us truths without their *religious* meaning, show us the dim forms of mountains when the sun has withdrawn his glory from them,—those who endeavour to give us religious thought without gather-

ing it round the substance of a Philosophy, do but send light through empty spaces, where it is lost for want of objects to reflect it. Is it visionary or impertinent, then, to ask if, with all our boasted spiritual civilisation, we may not be yet in the first rude stage of human education, that of its one-sided instinctive and empirical form, producing only fractional developments,—and if another era may not be destined to follow, that of self-conscious, many-sided education, producing large and harmonious developments? And this very *idea of education* taking us by the hand, like a guardian genius, at our very first ascent up the steps of knowledge, guiding us ever through the temple, and teaching us how to behold the unveiled mysteries, it may be that shall work the wondrous difference.

The idea of education, then, should be the guide of our method in regarding truth, but it aids us also in recognising the very test of truth itself. Unless any one delights to build up by reason the very tomb of faith and reason over the empty gulf of doubt and unreason, there can be no question by him but that the laws and intuitions of the human mind itself are the things which are our first and nearest *truth*—that which we *trav* or *trust*. These form the first bridge to which we must *trust* ourselves before we can get to any other firm ground. And to confide ourselves there in order to turn round and say that we cannot confide ourselves, whether we say it in the interest of scepticism or superstition, is not only an absurdity, but a lie to ourselves. The question, however, occurs, whether there may not be revelations from God himself, of truths beyond the sphere of our being, and apparently at *war* with the very intuitions and laws to which we trust? Now, with the idea, that all that God has revealed to us in creation and in history is for the purpose of our education, we can answer with confidence, that, though there may be spheres of truth infinitely beyond the reach of our present faculties, yet, if God wants to educate us, he would not reveal to us portions of these foreign truths—if, being revealed, they must seem contradictions to the conclusions of our present faculties, and tending to make us lose faith entirely in them. Otherwise, he would indeed be the great suggester of scepticism, and his supernatural revelation would be, as Theologians seem but too fond of making it, the first Gospel of Unbelief. How could we carry

on an earnest education of that nature which he thus makes us believe to be a delusive shadow?

The idea of education, again, is the guiding idea of Theology. For what is our conception of Theology, but as of a body of truths made known to us for the purpose of *educating* our religious, *i. e.*, our moral and devotional, nature? Theology, the *means*, is the correlative of Religion, the *end*. Now penetrate to the root of the tendency, which manifests itself in some of the most thoughtful minds of the day, that are giving a new life to Theology, bringing it from being an outside tradition of the past, to be an inner reality of the present; from being an uncongenial superaddition of something not in our nature, to be an effusion and true interpretation of all that is holiest and loftiest in us—and what is the idea contained in that tendency? It is the idea of Theology not as a *sacerdotal* but as an *educational* system. The Scriptures are beginning to be no longer thought of as the great landmarks, which, far back in the past, show the nearest approach which God has made to man. They are great witnesses to the solemn mystery of all time; recording the unveiling, indeed, of that mystery at some periods, that we, by faith, may look for ever through the veil of sense, and see the same mystery behind all periods,—the mystery, that this *is*, not *was* only, a divine world, that God *makes*, not *has made* only, his temple in the living spirit of man. Their inscriptions are not absolute truths standing between God and man, obviating any further necessity of our recurrence to God's living teachings. They are wondrous suggestions and shadowings forth of truth, a collection of spiritual influences intended to educate our own spiritual life, quicken the intuitions, and bring us to feel the present contact and seek the present communion of the Eternal Spirit. In fact, the Bible is not an Oracle but an Education. It was not an oracle *dictated* to those who wrote it, but an inspiration, an in-breathing of divine force educating them, drawing them on to approach ever nearer and nearer that truth, whose beams they had seen afar off. And the life and wisdom which were thus educated in them are recorded, to be to us also the vehicle of inspiring educating force for ever. And so the Christ is no longer the vicarious *sufferer* standing to receive the anger of God that it may not descend upon man, but the vicarious *ideal*—if we may venture to apply that epithet, the perfect embodiment of our

moral and spiritual intuitions and aspirations. He is the *vicarious* ideal, because he stands instead of our self-evolved imperfect conceptions. He stands forth in history to educate us, to draw us forth, and up to God. The atonement he works for us is an education of that divine image in us, which reconciles us to God. His redemption is a drawing forth of that holy might within us, which restores us to freedom, delivering us from slavery to the passions. He is a sacrifice through which God is well pleased with us, only when he is set up in our hearts as the ideal of the education we are seeking to effect. He, the inward Christ, is a sacrifice, because we offer him, believing that God will love us because we love that Christ—instead of our works or attainments, for which we feel assured God cannot love us. We are saved by faith in him, because this faith is another word for the acceptance of him as the ideal for our education. The Heaven for which we hope is the full development, the education of our higher being. The Hell we fear is the death, the non-development of that being, with the over-development of the fiery and consuming passions of our lower being.

And so with this guiding idea of Theology as Education, we see what are the truths which we are to seek therein. Not hidden truths of the numerical essence of God, the essential nature of Christ, or how that essence may differ from ours. What are these things to us? They do not concern our education. It is improbable that God would perplex our faculties by tempting them to concern themselves with subjects so foreign to their condition and chief appointed work. What we want to know is the character of God and Christ, and their moral relation to us.

This idea of Education is the very basis of our nobler conception of God. We no longer think of him as the Infinite Self-Will, who seems to have no higher end than to wield an irresistible might, and see all things bow before it,—who therefore requires for the sake of himself an unconditional submission to his laws. We think of him as the infinite Love and Holiness because He has an end beyond himself. He is the great educator of life in other beings, the educator of a divine life in a chosen band. There is no room for sacerdotalism here. There can be no pleasing him but by a fulfilment of this end. He wants the divine life in us for

our sakes, and there can be no substitution to satisfy him for the absence of this, unless we suppose that he could be diverted from his holiest yearnings, and be appeased for a disappointment felt in one portion of his nature by a bribe offered to another.

The essence of our deepest trust in Immortality lies in this conception of God as the great educator of souls. For what pledge can we have that God will grant a continuance of our existence in other spheres, but the purpose he manifests towards it here? If he makes the deepest convictions of our being—all the best teachings of those immensities of time and space conduce to assure us that our diviner nature is to him the dearest thing in this universe, then we cannot believe that he will relax his love when its object is just beginning to answer it, and that telling us for a time that it is his dear wish to bring the soul nearer and nearer to his own infinite self, he will arrest our approach for ever, just as we have begun to see the way.

The necessity of taking up this idea of education, and examining its contents, belongs, then, to spheres usually considered much higher than those of the school and the nursery. And it must be taken up by the prepared minds who work in the former, before the moulding influence of a truer philosophy of education will descend to guide those who work in the latter. We believe that one cause of the small power of the Christian ministry to reach men's souls, and grapple with the doubts and diseases which beset them, is the frequently empirical nature of their whole work and preparation. Their function is to be educators of the spiritual life in the souls of their brethren. Their chief preparation must be—first, the education of that life in themselves; and then, secondly, the self-conscious comprehension of that education, to enable them to give an account thereof to others; and, thirdly, some comprehension of that nature with which they have to deal in others, whose secret chords they have to find and touch—whose paralysis, and deafness, and dumbness, and blindness, and fever, they have to explore and heal. These two latter branches, at least, belong truly to the philosophy of education; which is none other than the philosophy of mind considered in especial reference to the laws and conditions of its development. Now it does seem to us, that too little attention has been concentrated upon this the very essence of the

ministerial preparation, and too much, comparatively, upon the mere helps, which can be appropriated as helps only as their inner life and meaning can be penetrated—only as the mind, looking out from its own self-consciousness, can seek in them a varied expression of its own laws and forces. The preparation of the village missionary, we conceive, should be largely in the study of the Scriptures, by the light of the collateral study of that spiritual nature of whose mysteries they are the exponent. The more learned minister should begin with the same study, and then go on to give his wisdom outward body and completeness by the studies of philology and history. Language and history show us the outward manifestations of the great facts of man's inner life. They have no true meaning to us without our acquaintance with these facts. How can we apply them, for example, to the interpretation of Scripture? By taking the more general fact of human consciousness, embodied in a word, or an historical doctrine, or event, as a guide to the meaning of some expression as it was in the particular consciousness of Prophet or Apostle. But how can we penetrate to this first more general fact, without a previous study of the great facts of human consciousness itself? In reality, we believe the study of philology, which occupies so large a share in a learned education, unless based upon a study of the realities of the inner world, is an awful waste and delusion. Again, the noble helps of philology and history have been often used primarily in theological education for a very subordinate purpose. The minutest fraction of study by their light has been devoted to prove that truth of the Scriptures which alone chiefly regards our religious education—their truth as a veracious exposition of the revelations of the deep things within us, and a very large portion devoted to prove that truth which more concerns our intellectual satisfaction—their truth as belonging to the persons and ages to which they are assigned, and as recording things which really happened as facts, and were not evolved as ideas. This latter study is indeed absolutely necessary to the well-furnished Theologian. He must be able in some degree to satisfy the intellectual curiosity in himself and others, as to the mode in which the religious life has been evolved by Providence through the successive ages. But let us understand the true relation of this study. It is supplementary, not primary. The minister's

practical work is with the essence of the religious life, and its relation to the living soul, infinitely more than with its precise external history.

Men attracted to the holy work of the ministry by the force of an earnest moral and religious life in themselves, which they wish to communicate to others, setting themselves then to a truthful analysis, and intellectual comprehension of that life, and proceeding to draw to the service and enlargement of that study the varied stores of learning, which lay open the monuments of the past, by which the soul of man has revealed itself, would be able to speak to the general soul with a wonderful force and directness,—would be able to reach the simple mind of the child and the peasant, and yet know how to give those deep foundations of truth, which shall satisfy the most thoughtful and searching. And we believe that nothing less than this can meet the great religious difficulties of the age, and plant a holy faith in the minds of multitudes, which at present our most strenuous efforts seem powerless to reach.

ART. V.—OAKFIELD ; OR, FELLOWSHIP IN THE
EAST.

Oakfield ; or, Fellowship in the East. By Punjabee. In 2 vols.
London : Longman, 1853.

THIS title gives a somewhat misleading conception of the main purpose of the book. The scene of the narrative is indeed laid almost entirely in India, and its pictures of life there indicate experience, insight, and a power for vivid reproduction. But the leading idea of the book is more abstract, and may be described, perhaps, as an attempt to bring out the conflict between any high ethical standard of thought and the habits and manners of our modern social life. It is an attempt to delineate the career of a man who, with all the culture of Oxford, has not fallen into any of the three intellectual snares which have lately caught and maimed so many fine natures, Ritualism, Dogmatism, and Indifference ; —belief in the magical efficacy of ceremonies, belief in the magical efficacy of correct opinions, or finally, belief in the necessity of giving up all these childish efforts after a knowledge that is beyond us, and taking refuge in the cultivation of taste, scholarship, and literary scorn. Oakfield is an effort, not so much to trace faith *into* life, as to delineate it, where alone it really exists, *in* life,—to sketch the struggles of an anxious and subtle mind a little too much given to self-tasking, in its first effort to bring not only theory and sentiment, but social custom under the dominion of its own ideas of duty.

It is curious to note how young men, when educated to think at all, hunger after some theory of life, some view of the one purpose of existence ; and, never attaining to any *general* solution, yet work out, each for himself, some partial and particular solution which satisfies their real need far more fully than any general theory of life's final cause could do, were such a thing possible at all. The source of this intellectual and moral restlessness which disturbs all men of much capacity for thought in the opening period of life with

a passion for making up their minds on universal duty, arises very often from an uneasy presentiment of a great, but as yet unascertained degree of moral dependence on the accidents of their future lot,—accidents over which their own wills can have very little control, and yet which are known to exercise a very painful control over the will. Hence arises a passion for trying to forestal, as it were, the power of change, by previously rehearsing, how, in all conceivable combinations of moral circumstances, it would be right and possible to steer through difficulty, and overpower resistance from a vague hope of pre-exhausting in imagination the emergencies of human existence, and laying down a clear course in every case.

There is a painful, though partial, sense of helplessness in every untried mind—and especially in untried minds of power really great enough to rise above circumstance,—until they have actually measured their strength against the contingencies of life, sounded their own courage, and tested the power of calamity, of temptation, and of the world's disgrace to move or to wound them. And it is this secret and often unconscious jealousy of the possible and as yet untried power of circumstance to unbend man's purposes, and relax his affections, which makes young men so anxiously discuss all aspects of life, that they may not have to encounter any in practice without a previous encounter in thought. In the majority of instances of this nature, it is self-distrust, a vague painful fear of the crushing strength of that mighty antagonist—the world—which induces those who are preparing to fit out their voyage of discovery into its various provinces so anxiously to multiply the minutest instructions for their own self-guidance, to take in theoretic stores for all imaginable accidents and combinations of weather, climate, war, or peace. Almost every cast of mind originally contains within it the sense of this possibly undue and weak dependence on its external lot, and issues commands to itself, which are angry and arbitrary just in proportion to the extent of its conscious feebleness to be independent and overcome. The man of genius feels how painfully his creative power is likely to depend on the favouring climate of genial circumstance, and estimates minutely his yearning for popularity, his power of self-reliance, when there are none on his side, his power of resisting the deadening influence of mechanical task-work. The man of keen ethical temperament looks

forward with trembling to a contest in which fidelity may need to be bought at the expense of the regard of friends and of society ; and even ordinary natures commit their hearts, not without terror, to the handling of a Providence which may be preparing forms of suffering too deep and too mysterious for any power but that of experience to forecast. It is only when the crisis of trial is come or past, when the strain has fallen on the shrinking nerve, and either the danger of failure has been vanquished, or its pain survived, that a man can gather himself up in strength for purely concrete action. A mind that knows itself to have once pierced to the very centre of its greatest peril, ceases to delight in theorizing upon life, because there can be no longer any fascination in attempts to shadow forth by dim intellectual outlines that which experience has vividly embodied. The point once reached, to which secret anxieties had hitherto involuntarily converged, there is nothing further to attract conceptions of life into the future (or theorizing) tense ; they will busy themselves to more purpose with the realities now woven into the past and present.

Oakfield is the intellectual result of such a state of mind, not that it is at all an abstract inexperienced book ; but that it is evidently the expression of a nature still engaged in sounding itself, aware that its whole power is not yet matured, trembling before the possibility of a future crisis. Throughout it seems to come from a mind as yet unrooted in life, throwing out tentative sprouts in so rich a profusion as to indicate that the right place is not yet found to strike a deep and permanent growth, a mind that has never yet been knit together into the distinct unity of those who have passed their critical period, and, at least, *know* both their weakness and their strength. The main character in the book, that of Oakfield (which would seem to be in great measure a delineation of the author's own moral ideal, set in a framework of circumstance to which he has been himself no stranger), is apparently pursued throughout by a desire to be devoting himself to some *final purpose* of life, and by a feeling of deep dissatisfaction with those mere preliminaries of existence which mainly absorb human efforts, and which threatened to engulf him too in their idle stationary whirlpool. To Oakfield, it seemed that when he had left college, he had left a stage of intellectual preparation, to enter at least on

some partial devotion to ends worthy of that preparation; and it fretted him to find that the work of life held out no direct aims comparable in dignity with that of the preparatory task in which he had been engaged. Whereas the end of college life had been the discipline of the intellect, the employment to which, when disciplined, it was to be devoted consisted of little but contrivances to secure "incomes." Thus the step into the great arena of the world was plainly a step *down*, if the ripened intellect was to be employed only in the service of the physical conditions of life. The tuning of the instrument seemed to be in itself a much higher end than the sort of music it was required to play. Life, when entered upon, turned out to be entirely spent in defending itself against the encroachments of non-existence, since no objects of voluntary exertion, at least, are recognised which stand *above* life, making life desirable that it may be used in their attainment—but only objects secondary and auxiliary to the great primary object of living. This idea runs more or less through the whole book, though it is not always distinctly expressed. It is the thought which first repels Oakfield from a mere "profession," such as the law; and when he reaches India it turns up again to chafe him at being kept so long at work in constructing the approaches to further work, *i.e.* in learning the languages needful for instruments of labour, and studying what ought to be aimed at, instead of directly aiming at it.

"I feel, you know," he says on one such occasion to his friend Mr. Middleton, "that this Persian business, which does to pass the time, only postpones, and does not at all answer the question of what I am to do in life; it puts it further off, but it must come and be answered sooner or later; reading Gulistan is still preparation as much as Winchester was;—the entrance into real life remains future." And on another occasion he thus expresses his conception of what that "real life" ought to be.

"Do you remember, Mr. Middleton, our conversation coming up the river about a year ago, when you propounded two problems for my edification?"

"Perfectly—what then?"

"Why," answered Oakfield, "the first might be called a statement of the object,—of that native line of work which you are recommending;—but the second, though you call it less important, has often suggested itself to me as more so; and the second would

seem to point to a line of duty very different from Civil employ ;—a line for which I think I feel myself more fitted, I am sure more inclined.’

“ ‘What was the second problem ?’

“ ‘The reason of the great and generally acknowledged degradation of European society in this country.’

“ ‘I do not think I ever can have called that question even comparatively unimportant ; I may have said it was easier of solution.’

“ ‘Well, at any rate you now own it to be important : does not this question point to what I may call an European phase of labour ?’

“ ‘My dear Oakfield, I might retort your own complaint upon you—all this is vague. It is very well to talk of reforming society in this country, but beyond that reform which every good and able man works by the force of his own character, how are you to work ? where are you to begin ?’

“ ‘By putting oneself first in opposition to some cherished lie, by exposing the falseness which lies wrapped in some common-place respectable formula.’

“ ‘Well, but,’ interrupted Mr. Middleton, ‘how are you to do this ?—This is only saying in general terms what is to be done ;—I still ask how do you propose to do it ?’

“ ‘That is a question not answered in a moment ; opportunities, I should think, would not fail to present themselves—and then——’

“ ‘And then you may seize them ; but what till then ? How fill your time till they do occur ? It may well happen that an honest man, if on the look-out, may find opportunities of effectively asserting some truth in opposition to some fashion of society, but this will not make a life’s work.’

“ ‘Well then,’ said Oakfield, evidently rather pressed, ‘I will work for myself. Why should not I as well as another devote myself to study ? My profession leaves me ample leisure ; why should I not, instead of seeking to change this leisurely for an engrossed, fully-occupied life, rather embrace the former ? Why not live in contemplation till God chooses to call me to action ? Why seek action ? Is not contemplation, too, work ? Is it not work to seek for wisdom, to learn to read nature, to learn to live ? I see no necessity for my striving to become a collector or a magistrate, but every necessity for my working. I have a right more or less to choose my work beyond that which my actual calling in life demands from me. I may choose, with fear and self-distrust indeed, but still without shame or doubt that it is an allowable choice, that work which is open to all God’s creatures, which is silent, whose end is hidden, whose rewards are secret, in preference to that which the world calls work, as though there were no other, the work which it is indeed most essential should be done by some, but which it is not essential for all to do ; whose

praise is loud because its results are evident and its rewards manifest;—the work of carrying on the world's business.' ”

Oakfield's restlessness of mind at this utter want of *finality*, in nearly all human pursuits, is often discernible in characters of the ethical cast, and springs from a source which might well have been more deeply probed. It would at first appear that a mind suffering from such a restlessness is clearly meant for the *church*. For it is in the church that the ultimate purposes of existence are singled out and pursued through their intricate connection with the threads of a more transient life; it is there that the “eternal” (in St. John's and Mr. Maurice's sense of the term) *i. e.* absolute, or spiritual ends of life are contemplated and preached. But this did not answer the craving of Oakfield's nature, for two reasons. First, because he was penetrated by the desire common to every really religious man now, to see the church and the world identified and not in separation, to see religion penetrate life from within, instead of exhorting us to repentance from outside. He had a craving to conceive of modern everyday life, as it ought to be, and might be, if the final ends of existence assumed their due place in relation to the subordinate conditions of existence. And accordingly he did not care to add to the multitude who memorialise others as to what life ought to be, he wished rather to rank amongst those who had themselves been effectually memorialised on the subject, and were eager in consequence to *carry out* religious suggestions, not to issue them.

But beyond this there is a deeper difficulty, a difficulty which is the real root of moral restlessness in men who are thus eager to be consciously employed on permanent interests, on something which is itself an end and not a means, and a difficulty, moreover, which the clerical profession has no tendency to meet. It expresses itself in this question, “Is there, in fact, any regular and conscious line of voluntary effort which can be said to be a final end of life, and not a mere step to something else?” We may suggest many, but we believe it will be found that in this life the moral and religious *pursuits* (so called) purely concern the reduction of our lives into right *order*, while the moral and religious *ends* of life, our human and spiritual affections, cannot give us voluntary occupation as industrious beings, but only possess and permeate our thoughts. In-

directly, indeed, conscience and love give a good deal of actual *employment* to the world as it now is; for they suggest and require the voluntary labour of keeping our own minds and those of others in due order, in the moral harmony which God's law suggests. And this is often a tedious, practical work, taking up time and requiring appliances. But this is merely the rectification of what is wrong, and no mind can wisely spend a large proportion of its time in direct self-discipline; for if it does, the effect is always contrary to the intention, moral health requiring that it should be occupied with something outside itself. And for the moral discipline of others, many minds—such, for instance, as that delineated in *Oakfield*—are quite unprepared; they wish to know more distinctly what they are to aim at for themselves, before they begin to teach and to preach; and the old form of the question always recurs, "What ought to be the main employment of my own will in the highest form of earthly life?"—a question which, though it may not be very practical for the present, is yet necessary, as a standard, to direct the mind in all attempts to re-model society. It may be felt—as the author of "*Oakfield*" obviously feels—that direct relations with God should take a far greater prominence in the allotment of life's occupations than even religious theory assigns to them. And this may be true. But they cannot directly occupy the *will*, except so far as the form or law of moral life is concerned. Except with relation to reducing our own hearts into submission to God's law, there is nothing which we can *do* for God apart from the discharge of human functions. This is the difficulty of a recluse's life: it has been only possible to Orientals, who had, so to speak, no active faculties at all. The active or industrial part of man cannot find any task *exclusively* proper to religious affections; and whenever it has attempted to do so, it has run into some fanaticism, by supposing that God peculiarly delights in true theory concerning himself, or in some one or other of the many appliances for self-discipline which really are only religious so far as they tend to restore our minds to their natural order. For ordinary men the affections are the only true *ends* of life; and though you may work *in order* to express them, the work itself is not of immediate, but only mediate value. Hence we believe that the only true remedy for

the restlessness which not rarely consumes natures of an ethical turn—natures eager at once for *active* exertion and for high permanent interests—natures with too much moral activity for that life of contemplation in which the poet lives on the mere richness of his own insight; and with too much insight to endure the torpid monotony of a perpetual absorption in ways and means—is that they should be so deeply engraved with some spiritual interest, whether of joy or suffering, as to give a permanent sense of real life within, and thus render them insensitive to the jars and pettiness of external arrangements. If Oakfield's character be, as it appears, a sketch from life, this was what he needed, and did not attain, in order to give him rest. He had too keen a sense of personal deficiencies to be able to throw himself into the work of reforming others. He knew they wanted forming anew, but he had not got ready his own standard of what that new form ought to be. Yet he felt that no spiritual interest *occupied* him as he desired to be occupied; and he wanted to manufacture, by personal energy, interests which nothing but internal affections can give. Work of the will is clearly not meant to be its own end, except, indeed, that kind of work which is not really will-work at all, but only the activity of the higher intellectual and spiritual faculties, the work of the poet and the artist—a sense in which affection itself might be called work also. *All* merely voluntary exertion is meant to be subordinated to ends beyond itself; so that we cannot, ought not, to expect the active part of life to be self-sufficient for us, and no inner restlessness can be stilled by any address in the mere selection of pursuits. Even the chase after a distinct mode of doing something religious—an idea that seems dimly to haunt Oakfield with a sense of omissive sin—can only end in the discovery that God has not reserved for exclusive association with Himself any one distinctly-marked line of human energy, any one separate element of human character, but has gathered up various human tendencies into the characteristic harmony of his own nature. Oakfield is pictured as having more disposable force of will than he had disposing emotion—the real source of all deep-rooted restlessness. Nor did purely intellectual activity fascinate or satisfy him. His character, if we may venture to assert concerning a fictitious creation truths not asserted by the

author—a necessary postulate of this kind of criticism—was waiting to be stirred by the interests which alone could have satisfied it—profound human or religious love—and the story ends before the impulse came; for he is delineated at the close with the same hopeless craving for a line of action that should at once give play to his *whole* nature, and yet be distinctively religious, which gives the characteristic stamp to his mind throughout. This is his last conversation with his sister:—

“‘Margaret, what is the day of the month?’

“‘The 7th of January. Why do you ask?’

“‘How very strange!’ said Oakfield, leaning back in the carriage, and looking about him with a musing eye; ‘how very strange, Margaret! It is just six years to-day, then, since I had that long conversation with you about going to India, in this very place, going up this hill. I was thinking how exactly the same everything looks now as it did then: how you, dearest, are looking so unchanged; and so, for that matter, do I, perhaps; but I feel changed enough, Margaret. Do you recollect the day?’

“‘Perfectly.’

“‘They drove on without speaking for some time. Margaret’s heart was full of the memory of that day, and all which it suggested. At length she said,—

“‘It has been a happy change, Edward, which these six years have worked for you.’

“‘Has it?’ he replied, mournfully. ‘God knows. When I said I felt different, I thought, I believe, of outward rather than inward changes. I seem to myself more experienced; older by a hundred years; and yet—and yet—Margaret! Do you recollect asking me why I went to India?’

“‘His sister nodded.

“‘Well, that question has recurred to me a thousand times: it recurs still, for “all my mind is clouded with a doubt;” it is a sad thing to have battled for six years, Margaret, and seem at the end to be no nearer to a clear perception.’

“‘Margaret laid her hand upon her brother’s arm; ‘Edward, dearest, you must not torment yourself needlessly; you know that none of us would presume to flatter you, but we know that during these six years you have been earnestly trying to do your duty; and I am sure that God acknowledges such as seekers of truth, and will, in his own time, send them such light as they need.’

“‘You speak comfortably, my sister, and I hope and believe, truly. Do not misunderstand me. I do not despair, nor at all feel that God has forsaken me: in my illness I find Him continually near me; and should my illness end, as I sometimes think it

will, I believe I could still find Him very near. But, Margaret, He is a God of the living; and when I look forward and ask "How am I to serve Him in active life?" I again feel all at sea; for I feel no confidence that my work in India was such a service. The fact is, life seems to me to be getting more and more perplexed and wonderful every day, and I do not at all find in myself the strength that shall take hold of any one of its clues and follow it out to the end of the mystery. The combination of worldly activity and godliness seems becoming more and more impossible; the worldly to be living more entirely to and for the world; the godly to be more and more going out of it. I often think that the latter would be a wise and no unselfish course for me; that in these days, when so many are ready to push forward and supply all vacancies that may occur in the busy conspicuous posts, his is a true wisdom who keeps apart, and listens, and observes, and thinks, and, when he finds a season, speaks a rare word or two. That, in short, the literary man (not meaning thereby anything at all connected with the penny-a-liner) is about the best off of all others. "Serve God by action," it is said; but then I find all courses of action so clogged and blocked up with meanness, and worldliness and Mammon, that the service of God is well-nigh choked out of them. Well, then patience is recommended: "Wait," it is said, "and cast bread upon the waters; and sow, not desiring yourself to reap; and believe that these active courses shall be, by degrees, purified, and God will be continually drawing more and more good out of the evil which now offends you; do not expect to see perfection, but be content to take the good with the bad." Well, this is a hard saying, though I suppose there is much truth in it; the only thing I complain of in it is, that this said contentment is so tempting: it is so easy to be content to take the good with the bad; and then it is so easy to go a step further, and be content with the bad. Why should I expose myself to this temptation? Why should I not seek for the good where I can get it without the bad, in the ideal world? Why should not I strive to dwell there when there are so many thousands willing and more able to fill my place in the actual world? Why should I be battling and painfully discriminating between good and evil; finding, with much disgust, a grain of truth for a bushel of falsehood, if by giving myself up to the pure words of great men I may be growing continually to a higher standard of unmixed truth?

"'Because,' said Margaret, 'God does not will that you should have peace in the world; how would the world go on, how would God's service be advanced in it, if all good men were to retire from it in disgust?'

"'You are always to the point, Margaret, which is one of the very many reasons that I so like talking with you. God does not will,

you say, that we should have peace in the world. I doubt that,—only I think that we, with our slavish fears, shrink from peace as from every other good thing: none of us take as freely as God gives. We fidget and bustle, and plunge into painful turmoil, and then babble about peace not being our lot on earth, when in truth we have never looked for it. If all the good men, you say, were to leave the world, what would become of it? But what do you mean by leaving the world? Nothing but leaving the evil of the world, so that there should be a marked division between the good and evil—a consummation greatly to be desired, only, in the present state of things, impossible. All the good men never *will* leave the world, so your hypothesis cannot be allowed: or if they did, so much the better, in which case it tells against your objection. Besides, Margaret, I cannot undertake to say what other men might, or could, or should do; I must consider, in the first place, what I may and ought to do; the question for me is, “may I give myself up to peace,” that is, practically, to thinking, and reading, and writing, as the main employment of my life? or shall I again seek a more busy life, and going on patiently, sowing and not hoping to reap, taking a bushel of falsehood for a grain of truth, casting my bread upon the waters, resume my work in India? Oh!’ he exclaimed suddenly, ‘I cannot do it.’”

Natures of quick energy, like Oakfield’s, need, as we have said, to have deep springs of independent internal emotion opened within them before they can cease to fret at the unsatisfyingness of external duties. There is another class of men of more massiveness of will, but not so much wakefulness, not so much eager activity, who can find repose enough in the resources of purely contemplative emotions; they do not need so vivid an inward life to make them feel independent of the outward life. They do not require much more than intellectual meditation to give them serenity and independent interests,—to balance their active tendencies, and provide for them a satisfying retreat from the unexpressive externals of their lot. In effective contrast to Oakfield, such a type of character is well sketched—though only sketched—in Stanton. It would be false, perhaps, to call him more self-sustained,—but true, to say that his mind was more matured, and had reached that completer balance between its inward interests and its outward,—its sources of repose, and its impulses to movement, which his friend, as he is here delineated, could not well be imagined to attain without the awakening within him of a much more stirring

class of emotions. We are disposed to quarrel with our author for not making Stanton more of a Carlylist—for which his character is well marked out—and so bringing the maxims of the Carlylo-Goethean philosophy of life into the field of debate. A strong current of admiration for Carlyle runs through the whole story; and yet it would be difficult to find a writer, at least amongst those quite clear of the sacerdotal and dogmatic theories, whose radical conceptions of life differ more from those of this book. The book being evidently not written as a work of art, the delineation of character being throughout subordinated to the expression of thoughts on faith and duty, it is rather a defect that, even in this respect, it should want variety. Oakfield and his three friends, Stanton, Middleton, and Wykham, ought to have differed more in fundamental convictions than they do, in order to give the story the dramatic interest of a collision between different schools of opinion. In this respect, it occasionally resembles not a little the Book of Job, though modern critics seem to have no hesitation in saying that Bildad, Zophar, and Eliphaz really contribute a theory of their own to the dialogue. Stanton, for example, and Wykham too, are really distinct in *character*, but not at all distinct in thought, from Oakfield; and when the latter opens his parable, and restlessly yearns to bear his witness to the world, it would be more dramatic, and might have been instructive, if Stanton had replied from a less spiritual school of conviction, if he had not only preached the importance of a self-contained life—which he does—but had explained self-culture in the purely human sense given to it by Carlyle and Goethe, as the maturing of the intellectual faculties; and if he had represented this, and this alone, as clearly within human reach, as the only possible approach to the “divine idea of the universe” which has been laid open to the intelligence of man. Instead of this, Stanton only gives a new tinge of colouring to the same class of conceptions, and the anomaly runs through the book, that the expression of a very just admiration for a writer of a quite opposite school of thought is never qualified by any discussion of his most startling assumptions.

“A deeper chord could not fail to be struck, as Stanton and Oakfield sat together in the verandah after their return home. There had been a dust storm all day, which had made the night air some-

what more bearable; and though the sky was still filled with the dingy particles, through which the stars were scarcely visible, yet there was the never-failing beauty of night; the beauty of silence and darkness. They were to part the next day, and though they were neither of them men given to much expression of 'feelings,' who both hated anything like mauding, yet there is, especially in India, something very solemn in parting with a friend. These two men watched with common interest the stream of life as it bore them both along. Again for each of them, it was to flow on alone; what pains, what struggles, what conquests, what defeats, must be experienced by each in his solitary course?

"Do you ever feel your conscience reproach you, Stanton,' Oakfield asked, 'when you observe Middleton's busy, useful life?'

"That is just a question I have asked myself; and, on the whole, no. So far as he does his work more energetically than I do mine, I feel ashamed, but not because my work is of a different kind from his.'

"What should you call your work, if you were asked in terms?'

"Study and contemplation,—improving and using my intellect as the servant of my soul, and learning to go through the world with my eyes not shut but open.'

"It must be hard to keep yourself up to this work?'

"Very;—so hard that, for this reason only, I would advise a man to try and get for himself some work, which he shall be under compulsion to do; the compulsion itself does half his work for him.'

"But, Stanton, besides this difficulty, do you never feel desirous that others should share in your belief? In your study to see, is it no pain to you that others should remain blind?—while trying yourself to look into the realities of things, to see all the world around you mocking over the appearances and shadows of them? Do you never feel inclined to protest for your neighbours' sake and for the truth's sake against the idols which the world worships; the falsehoods which it acknowledges and promulgates, the—Look there!' he added abruptly, interrupting himself and pointing to the mess-house, about a hundred yards distant, whence the glare of the billiard lights, the sound of voices and loud laughter offered a harsh contrast to the sacred stillness of night; 'are not those sights and sounds a concrete made up of innumerable falsehoods, daily and hourly repeated?'

"Yes, it is so; but, Oakfield, they have Moses and the prophets, and must hear them; a voice from the dead would not persuade them, how much less the feeble call of a companion struggling and sorely bested himself? Now and then comes a poet, a prophet, a priest, who does protest, as you call it, against the

state of complacent unreality in which the world sleeps on, and some hear, but the many will refuse to hear, and no earthly power can alter it. It is a true word, however harsh it may sound; we must look out for ourselves, we must even live by our light, and be content to let the world live by theirs.'

"And yet it seems there is something required of us more than letting them live by their light; we must appear to live by it also ourselves.'

"Well then, we come to our old ground, and you know my opinion; that to a certain extent we must even do as you say, unless we consecrate our life and take it with us out of the world and live altogether apart; but ordinary men in ordinary circumstances must, so far as I see, accommodate themselves to the light of their neighbours, taking care the while that their own is not dimmed. I see no help for it; extraordinary circumstances have ere now occurred and called forth witnesses: as an extraordinary man tramples down ordinary circumstances and speaks as a poet or a prophet; so extraordinary circumstances may draw forth ordinary men into the position of witnesses, that is of martyrs: those of us who can, may become the first of our own motion; only we must count the cost and weigh ourselves, and ascertain if we are, indeed, strong enough for the task; I need not say that you and I have no such estimation of ourselves; but all of us must ever hold ourselves ready at God's bidding to become the last. I fear I do not make myself clear.'

"I understand you,' said Oakfield, 'have you ever felt so bidden?'

"In a very small way we are all of us often called upon to become martyrs. Every time we refuse to laugh at vice or assent to an unpopular opinion, so often we are, in a very low degree, witnesses, martyrs to the truth; but I never have been put in a position where the testimony has been attended by grave penalties, an exemption I am thankful for, and yet I know more painful martyrdom may be my lot, or yours, or any honest man's, at any time; keep we ready for that time, for depend upon it, Oakfield, it is more trying than you and I may be disposed to think; so good night.'

As we are disposed to think that Stanton *ought* to have been, for the sake of the book, a Carlylist, in order that a clearer issue might have been taken between the intellectual power-worship and intellectual aristocracy of that arbitrary school, and the burning ethical fervour and ethical aristocracy of Oakfield, we will, very briefly, supply his deficiencies. Carlyle's earliest work of much celebrity was a fictitious biography of this same kind. And it is not a little

curious to contrast his conceptions of life, as put forth in "Sartor Resartus," with those of his anonymous admirer. Professor Teufelsdröckh served to Carlyle the same purpose which Oakfield has served to the author of this tale,—to give some conception of the growth of the kind of character at which its author aimed, its main difficulties, and their partial practical solution. Only while Carlyle's "final end of human existence" is self-mastery, or, at most, self-contentment, Oakfield's is a more complete satisfaction of the restless demands of his own conscience, a fuller peace beneath the haunting eye of God. Carlyle's hero is restless because, driven hither and thither by his own capricious desires, he thirsts for satisfaction in something which shall be at the control of his own will. Oakfield is disturbed by a craving conscience, fascinated by a sense of the supernatural, and rendered feverish by the thought that there is an indefinite demand upon him for some special line of conduct on which he had not been able to alight. He seems to conceive that the moral law and the love of God ought not only to give us the *mould*, but the *substance* of life—not only the *rule*, but the *end* of action. On the other hand, the hero of "Sartor Resartus," following Goethe, troubles himself very little about the moral order of life—indeed, thinks that it receives already a great deal too much attention; 'attend to the *thing* called life, before you criticise its varieties,' is his constant exhortation. 'Gaze carefully at facts, before you get up a standard of fact; let us *study* human nature as it is in ourselves and others, and not grumble at what it is not. It will be difficult enough even to know it. All that interferes with clear insight is bad, and therefore we should master ourselves, and be able to shake ourselves at once free from all disturbing emotions; else our eye will be turbid, and we shall see wrong.'

The doctrine expressed in the following sentence may be said to be Carlyle's gospel, since every later work of his has more or less hinged upon it:—"Facts are engraved hieroglyphs, for which the fewest have the key. *And then how your blockhead studies not their meaning; but simply whether they are well or ill-cut, what he calls moral or immoral!* Still worse is it with your bungler; such I have seen reading some Rousseau, with pretences of interpretation, and mistaking the ill-cut serpent of Eternity

for a common poisonous reptile."* In short, Carlyle betrays everywhere that he greatly prefers "ill-cut" (in other words, immoral) massiveness, to anything dim and watery, whether evil or good. His test (for even he *must* have a test) of the moral value of life depends on whether it be *impressive to the imagination*. If it be, he forgives everything, if not, he spurns at it and passes by. Rugged outlines indicative of power, captivate him intellectually; arbitrary energy satisfies him morally. And it is curious how entirely his picture of the spiritual crisis of life is in keeping with this fundamental idea. Professor Teufelsdröckh, our readers may remember, is early the victim of disappointment, chagrin, and dyspepsia. He wanders about vainly seeking release by change of circumstances, till at last he suddenly resolves to seek release no longer, but to defy the scourging persecution of his own desires. Vehemently shaking himself free, he asserts his own essential superiority to the tormenting fiends which harass him, and determines that he can and will endure, without feverishly hoping for a change. The whole passage is so characteristic of Carlyle's theory of life, and so complete a contrast to the conceptions of our author, that we venture to extract it.

"Perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French capital or suburbs, was I, one sultry dog-day, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little Rue Saint Thomas de l'Enfer, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; whereby, doubtless, my spirits were little cheered; when, all at once, there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself, 'What *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! What is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death; and say the pangs of Tophet, too, and all that the Devil and man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart? canst thou not suffer whatso it be; and, as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it, and defy it!' And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base fear away from me for ever. I was strong of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god! Ever, from that time, the temper of my misery was changed; not fear or whining sorrow was it, but indignation, and grim, fire-eyed defiance!

* "Sartor Resartus," book ii. chapter x.

"Thus had the EVERLASTING NO (*das Ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, of my ME; and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native, God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest. Such a protest, the most important transaction in life, may that same indignation and defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No has said: 'Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine (the Devil's);' to which my whole ME now made answer: 'I am not thine, but free, and for ever hate thee!'

"It is from this hour that I incline to date my spiritual new birth, or Baphometic fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man."

From this self-asserted liberty, this protest against the "Everlasting No," Carlyle conducts his hero by the route of what he calls the "centre of indifference," or utter carelessness as to what may befall him, to the "everlasting yea," in other words, to a dawning conviction that his existence is, after all, in harmony, and not at issue with the great presiding Spirit of the universe. Once having turned and stood at bay, he has broken the edge of disappointment, and regained self-possession for thought. In the arbitrary effort of treading under foot his own vexatious desires, he has surmounted the most critical danger of life, having attained the power of coolly surveying even the worst realities; and now, no longer exaggerating them by panic, he soon reaches the conviction that the power of the universe is on his side, that he is embraced in its highest purposes.

Carlyle has, in fact, something the advantage of the ethical school, in having at least clearly discerned that whatever be the importance of the moral law, it cannot at all events supply us with the final *object*, but only with the final *order* of life; in short, that all rule or order implies given material to be set in order, and that the faculties for which our conscience legislates must give the primary ends of existence, and not the conscience, which only determines their *relative* authority. To have discussed this view in Oakfield would have raised a very important issue between two schools of thought; for Carlyle stretches this truth into the most desolating falsehood when he goes on to imply that, if there be any absolute moral order at all in human faculties, it is quite a subordinate matter, and rather exists for the sake of

the faculties it disposes, than the faculties for the sake of the order; just as it is true that human law exists for the popular forces it regulates, not that a population is hunted up to supply subjects for the law. For it seems almost certain that many parts of human nature exist mainly or only to give practice and power to the moral judgment, to give the will a firm seat and a steady rein: at least the baser materials of the mind seem to be only temporary, and can scarcely be conceived to have any permanent root in an immortal nature. Moreover, the very highest parts of our active nature, the dependent affections, are high only in proportion as they are fixed upon those moral qualities in other beings which already imply the authority of a spiritual law; so that, to some extent, the present material, or substantive part of the mind, does exist only for the sake of the regulating law, and in other cases that law is worked up into it, and gives it half its value. For instance, the only distinction between the instinctive love of an animal, and the reverence of a man, is that the latter is fixed upon qualities which imply moral freedom. But Carlyle not only slights the ethical principle, he almost ignores it, for, in his practical estimate, the only worthy ends of life are power and insight,—the ability to effect great facts, and the ability to conceive and paint them. According to his gospel, men live in order to work, to use “tools,” of which the intellectual tools are the highest; and he habitually passes by, almost with scorn, the sentiments and affections as being only passive, esteeming them at all only so far as they contribute to sharpen insight. The solution of the problem of life to Professor Teufelsdröckh is, that he finds himself intended to produce books, and forthwith produces them! From the same view proceeds all the arbitrary political faith which represents men as “best” when they are most productive; and regards a negro toiling bitterly beneath the whip, as a necessarily higher creature than a negro lazy in the sun. In the one case, he is “using his tools,” in the other, not, and concerning his moral dispositions it matters little. And this faith is crowned by the doctrine that all inquiry as to the nature of God—even as to his personality—is waste of power; for it merely interests our affections, it does not ripen our intellect; it is a subject to which we are inadequate; therefore it is only needful to conquer personal fear, and to leave the enigma of the future to solve itself, while we work on.

It is scarcely a digression to have sketched the system of faith held by our author's favourite writer. For it is in so direct opposition to the whole tone of this book, that the issue between them is latent everywhere, and might have been effectively introduced into a work which is chiefly occupied in discussing the moral aspects of life. The real ground of sympathy between them consists, no doubt, in their common hatred of all unreality or cant ; their fixed purpose not to mistake externals for essentials in any quarter, and especially not to deceive *themselves* with mere outsiders in the estimate of their own mind. Yet even for this one point of practical sympathy there is probably a different basis in the two writers. Mr. Carlyle's dislike for "shams" is almost always the scorn of a masterly intellect, habituated to discern things freshly for itself ; a contempt for men who speak and write, and even think, without any personal first-hand contact with the facts of which they treat at all, and who therefore speak, and think, and write, *weakly*. He hates unveracity rather as a form of unreality, than unreality as a form of unveracity. With the author of "Oakfield" the case is just reversed. His dislike to cant is the dislike of a man who feels the shame of being unreal, the imperious duty of keeping one's life up to the level of faith, and one's confessions down to the level of faith. Carlyle is almost inclined to admire a man like Count Cagliostro, who, never attempting to cheat himself, embraced, like a hero, the set purpose of cheating others. Here was no "bungler," he implies, no one mystifying himself with phrases and forms, and never touching reality at all. He was at least a master of his profession, and a very realist in unveracity. So Carlyle's wrath falls most heavily on the fools and blind who have no capacity, whether for genuine belief or genuine scepticism. And yet this very fact ought to be their excuse. Those who obscurely grope their way into evil are not so degraded as those who shape a clear course for it, with open eyes. To this our present author is fully awake ; and although disliking the confused retailer of "received" opinions for his partial insincerity in not exercising his own intellect on opinions to which he does not scruple to give the weight of his assent, he passes a much severer judgment on those who act with clearer light, and whose unreality is, therefore, less, while their unveracity is greater.

The sensitive perception of right and wrong displayed in

Oakfield, while it secures *genuineness* of thought as surely as Carlyle's intellectual discrimination between fact and phantasm, is the root of a much more positive and powerful faith. For the moral realism in a man renders him acutely sensitive to a fresh class of facts which to mere intellectual discernment seem half shadowy ; and while protecting him equally against shams, introduce him also to new realities. Falsehoods will generally ring hollow even on the ear of the mere intellect, which, however, if listening unassisted, can rarely detect the passing footsteps and new abode of the truth which they have once sheltered. Erasmus saw as clearly as Luther the decrepitude and false pretensions of the Church, but he could never have made men feel as Luther did, that though God was no longer *there*, he might still be found. The writer of "Oakfield" has evidently tried both ritualism and dogmatism, and found them hollow ; but he clings to the noble faith which Carlyle has let drop, that religion consists in personal relations with a Father and a Judge. Rejecting both ceremonial forms and theological opinions as the *substantial* part of religion, he does not sublimate it into the recognition of a "Divine idea," but sees it only in a worship of the spirit and a service of the will rendered to the audible commands of a living God. We are told that the hero of this tale had for a time yielded to the reigning influence of Oxford, and, subdued by the commanding tone of Dr. Newman's thought, had hoped to find peace radiated upon him from the external observances of the Church. He is fascinated for a moment, while that great master of the approaches to young men's natures

— "Takes, dejectedly,
His seat upon the intellectual throne ;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days ;
Tells us his misery's birth, and growth, and signs ;
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was sooth'd, and how the head,
And all his hourly-varied anodynes."

But even while he listens, and imagines he has found the help he needed, comes an "hour of startling conviction," in which he finds that "the forms with which he had been so busily lulling his conscience, had as little of the divine in

them as the forms of common worldly society." He is still *less* attracted apparently, as a cultivated mind necessarily would be, by the dogmatic view, the orthodox Protestant belief in salvation by opinion. Ritualism, at least, involves a large amount of voluntary obedience to discipline, but the sectarian notion of salvation by theoretic truth involves nothing beyond a little "serious" reading and serious thought, which is but poor magic, one would think, to secure spiritual health. Yet Oakfield's mind is not represented as recoiling upon the Pantheistic notions which confuse God with man, and, consequently, good with ill. The following passage contains the conception of faith in which he was able to rest.

"But have you a right," said Wykham, "according to your own view of things, to condemn others so largely?"

"Not till they are thrust upon me as patterns to follow, or as an authority to dread; then I do not condemn them; but I will not lie by saying that they are good and wise whom I know to be bad and foolish; nor for the sake of a seeming worthless charity resign my independence. But, Wykham," he added, after a short interval, "why do you talk of *my* views, and *my* ground, as if they were not yours every bit as much?"

"I wish they were, old fellow; but I fancy they'd be astonished in the regiment if you told them that Fred Wykham had set up for a religious man; and I won't play the hypocrite at any rate."

"I should like very much, Fred, if you will allow me, to know what your idea of a religious man is?"

"Oh! you know well enough; a man who goes to church, and reads the bible, and doesn't swear, and that sort of thing."

"Rather a queer jumble, isn't it, Fred?" asked Oakfield, good humouredly; "but taking your definition, I should say you were a religious man; for I never hear you swear; I believe you go to church, and I dare say you read the bible—eh?"

"Yes, I do occasionally; but still I can't say I feel a religious man."

"Very likely not; for I don't the least accept your definition; it's all very well not to swear, of course, but no more than may be said of some of the wickedest scoundrels on earth; going to church hasn't much to do with the matter, I suspect, one way or the other; reading the bible, indeed, is another thing, but it will no more make a man religious than reading a couple of pages of Bacon *per diem* will make him wise. A wise man will read Bacon and become wiser, and a good man will read the bible and become better. A religious man, even though not a Christian (for recollect that your definition excluded all the non-Christian religious world), will pro-

bably be a bible-reader, but it does not the least follow that a bible-reader will be a religious man; indeed, we see that practically, in nine cases out of ten, it does *not* follow. All read the bible,—hardly any are religious.’

“‘What do you call a religious man, then?’

“‘In two words, one who fears God, and loves God and man.’

“‘That is rather vague, is it not?’

“‘No, not vague; comprehensive.’

“‘But how is one to know whether a man fears God or not? There are so many ways in which men may live, all saying that they fear God.’

“‘Assuredly, and who shall know, and who need know, except the man himself? What is it to you to establish to my satisfaction that you fear God? know it yourself, and you will find that enough. I and my neighbours shall find it out by and bye, if it is necessary for you or us that we should do so.’

“‘I wish I did know it,’ said Wykham, sadly.

“‘Ah, yes, my dear Fred! that is quite a different matter; but let me tell you this—do you think I am coming the parson over you, Fred?’ he said abruptly.

“‘No, no,—go on.’

“‘Well then—I am not such a treacherous fool as to tell you that you are very likely serving God, when you think yourself you are not. Not only do you know best, but you are the only one who knows anything at all about the matter;—but don’t think yourself worse than you are; I was vexed and displeased with myself once because I thought I didn’t come up to people’s notions of a religious man, but I wish now not to come up to their idea, but my own; this is not lower than theirs I hope; I am sure it is not easier, but it makes me freer, and so happier, and so, I think, more able to serve God. I was distressed that I could not like going to church, that I always found it dull, that I still hated sermons, that in many ways I could not bring myself to feel as I found so many good men saying they felt.’

“‘Well, well,’ said Wykham, rather eagerly, ‘that is just my case; I know it’s very wrong.’

“‘Why?’ said Oakfield, ‘why admit it to be wrong? Why condemn yourself so hastily?’

“Wykham looked surprised. ‘Of course,’ he said, ‘it must be wrong not to like being good and religious, and all that.’

“‘Very wrong indeed; but let us be sure that we understand what good and religious are. Be free, Fred. It is a perilous thing for a man to emancipate himself, but he may dare to do it if he lays on a thousand-fold extra precautions against licence and self-indulgence. But I feel for you, Fred, for I have felt the same

thing myself, and so, I am certain, do a great many of us; and I believe many of us go to the bad, in despair at not being able to accommodate ourselves to a given limited standard of the good, held up, not by our own conscience and experience, but those of others. Let us give ourselves a fair chance. While you do your duty, and do it not to man, but to God, do not distress yourself because a certain religious method, which other men have adopted, and been right to adopt, because it suited them, does not suit, and therefore cannot and need not, nay, should not, be adopted by you. Do not spend your energies in trying to like going to church and to enjoy sermons, but in trying to fear God; to think, to govern, and restrain yourself.'"

We must not give our readers the impression that *Oakfield* is a book written for young men, in the style of those conversations between "Tutor, George, and Harry," which in our childhood we regarded as such dreary interruptions to the interest of "Evenings at Home." There is really nothing didactic in the book, for it is written not to exhort others, but to give expression to urgent thoughts, and with a warmth of personal conviction that altogether robs it of suspicious moral aspects. Moreover, the incidental painting is discriminating and graceful. It has given us a more valuable *sense* of Indian life than we have ever elsewhere seen—of the hot dusty life in the plains of Hindostan,—of the pliable, unaffectionate, unwondering nature of the Hindoos—and of the sensual standard of thought by which the English energy there measures its achievements. The natives look upon us and our institutions, our author implies, as a sort of overpowering physical fact, to which they can no more have moral duties than they could have to the sea or the thunder-bolt. There is not sympathy enough between them and the English to render mutual confidence and trust possible. And, therefore, they no more consider lying to the English for their own purposes, as *unveracity*, than a magician would regard it as *unveracity* to utter verbal incantations, without regard to their meaning, before the face of a rock, which might unclothe the secret cavern in its side.

Lying, our author asserts, is regarded as a sin between Hindoo and Hindoo—but as applied to that oppressive yet undeniably real phenomenon, the Englishman—that painful fact which cannot be ignored, but may be alleviated by subtlety of invention—the Hindoo regards it as the only effective

engine, and feels no more shame in detection, than a mechanician in the failure of a mechanical effort to displace a stone. The following sketch of travelling in India, through September floods, leaves its character strongly impressed on the reader's mind.*

"Accordingly, on the 3rd of September, he started for Simla. He had a troublesome journey, for the floods were out, and there are few things in this world more entirely irksome and disagreeable than travelling in a palanquin through a flooded country. The patient (such he surely is, whether invalid or not) is jolted along dismally; the perpetual complaints of the bearers mingling with the sound of the dripping rain and the moaning wind; the torch is blown out every three minutes, and so often has he to stop while it is re-lighted; his palki is not altogether water-tight; first he feels a suspicious drop on his up-looking face, wipes it away, but lo, another and another, and the gloomy truth is too manifest that there is a leak overhead, and ere long he finds his only comfort in resignation, and after vainly trying to protect first one part, then another, from the encroaching moisture, at last fairly gives in, and is soon lying in a cold trickling river; even this becomes bearable by use, and as he is getting accustomed to it, perhaps even thinks of sleeping, notwithstanding the discordant sounds without and the watery couch within, he hears an extra yelling, feels a strange uplifting, has a painful consciousness that he is about to be let down, when he finds himself, palki and all, deposited upon the bearers' heads, and so passing through a broad rapid nullah, up to a man's chest in depth. In the middle of the stream, as he looks out upon the thick yellow rushing water, just where it gleams sullenly in the light of the torch, a man slips; the rest yell; the palki lurches; and his heart is in his mouth; for immersion in that boxed-up conveyance is certain drowning. The bearers, however, recover themselves, and presently the same screeching which attended his being hoisted up proclaims that he is being let down, and again he jogs on, on his moist, monotonous, melancholy march. The long night passes away in occasional nullah passages and alternating glimpses

* We have no means of reciprocating the service rendered us by the author of this book, in the accession it gives to our minuter conceptions of Indian life, except in one very insignificant detail. If his own eye, or that of his Anglo-Indian friends, should ever glance at these pages, let them beware that the way from the Waterloo to the Euston Station does *not* lie through Regent Street, as our author fondly imagined. Mr. Oakfield's quick-eyed cabman detected his London inexperience, as easily as Mr. Oakfield had himself detected the inexperience of that morning's "Times" in Indian affairs, and faithfully drove his fare the grand round.

of rest; the day breaks, and is gladly welcomed; but too soon the sun arises, shining with a pale sickly heat over the flooded plains, which begin visibly to exhale their feverish steam; the wet palki and its wet inmate are soon dried up, and then the sun begins to beat down with a sickening power. Seven o'clock! The bearers quicken their pace into a fast-measured shuffle; their noisy talk degenerates into a methodical sing-song that keeps time with their step; and by these signs the unhappy traveller knows that his rest is near. A group of trees is seen, and amongst them the small white bungalow. Happy that one moment of leaping satisfaction, after the long hours of discomfort. The palki is set down, its pale dishevelled inmate hoists himself out with his sun-baked, shrivelled garments hanging to him in uncomfortable wrinkles, and finds that he has, with thus much pain and grief, accomplished thirty miles of the two hundred and fifty which constitute his journey. However, hope gilds the future; and the elastic youth, forgetful of the immediate past, sets himself to find what comfort he can in the busy present; scanty, it must be owned; rest and shelter he may find, but assuredly not comfort. Dāk bungalows have been described by some Oriental travellers as 'the Inns of India.' Playful satirists! Who does not associate the word inn with his most cheerful hours, with evenings of intensest comfort, with meals of rarest conviviality? What English imagination does not, at the word inn, see visions of blazing fires, bright red curtains, dark mahogany tables, panelled wainscots, hospitable landladies, obliging waiters, amiable chambermaids, virtuous soles, tender beef-steaks, refreshing malt, deep-curtained beds, snow-white sheets, downy pillows, comfort on every side, cleanliness in every department, a pleasant evening over the paper, a good night's rest in a good four-poster, a cheerful waking the next morning at the friendly voice of Boots, to proceed by the mail, which is even now putting-to in the yard, or to go down by the omnibus to the station for the early train! And these things are to be transferred to a dāk bungalow in India! Passing over those differences which a different country and climate necessitate, such as the absence of fires and the substitution of native for European attendants, we still find little to justify the comparison. What did Oakfield see as he emerged from his palki? A cold white bungalow, with all doors open, disclosing the two rooms which compose the house—he may occupy either of these rooms he likes; nor need the privilege perplex him, for they are each the fac-simile of the other—he enters either, and finds four white walls, a very rickety, dirty, roughly-made table, two chairs to match, and in one corner a small square bedstead, dirty to a degree that makes even the table and chairs look clean, the pillows and bed-

ding in his palki are soaked through with the last night's rain, so he must resign his body, taking the precaution to keep his clothes on, to the dingy pallet, and rest his aching head upon his coat. The obsequious waiter (shade of 'Charles!') comes in, the one long-robed, long-bearded, dark-visaged, beturbaned attendant, and asks if breakfast shall be brought.

"Of course it shall. These eighteen hours the man is fasting from all but muddy water. But no vain dialogue succeeds about what shall be provided; too well the unhappy traveller knows the nakedness of the land, and with a sigh of resignation, and one pitying glance toward the brood which he sees and hears frolicking in the compound,* orders the grilled fowl. The native attendant, as though agreeably surprised at receiving such an order, and proud of his ability to obey it, rushes out, and in a moment is seen enticing one out of that destined tribe. A shout, a cackle, a struggle, a triumphant exclamation, and the traveller has the satisfaction of knowing that his breakfast is secured. In the course of an hour it appears: the intermediate time has been profitably employed in doing battle with the countless flies, which descend upon this favoured spot in myriads, that forcibly recall the days of Pharaoh and afflicted Egypt. But the breakfast is come: two square feet of the unhappy table are covered with a dirty brown towel, which is 'the government regulation table cloth;' and on this is the appetizing meal. There lies, in all its leathery indigestible integrity, the deluded cock, that father of whole generations of dāk bungalow supplies, who only this morning, with unfeeling crow, heralded in the day of his doom; a browner, more leathery substance, called a chapattie, supplies the place of bread, and in that vessel of undefinable metal floats a hot preparation of some unpronounceable leaf, which the caterer, in the same incorrigible spirit of stern humour, presents as tea. The breakfast is taken away, and now for 'a day at an inn.' The healthy man, with organs underanged, may sleep; the contemplative man may speculate upon the march of civilisation in India as indicated by dāk bungalows, which, from the day of their institution, twelve years ago, until now, have remained with no fear of innovating reform, with little or no change, save that the furniture (the table, two chairs, and dirty bedstead aforesaid) were then only old, but now are crumbling to their last decay; the morbid man may marvel under what foolish star he was born, that he worried his friends out of their lives to procure him an appointment to the gorgeous East; the inquisitive man may read over, in the bungalow book, the names of all the victims that have been there; the poet may add his mite to the stores of facetious and sentimental literature

* "*Compound*—the small paddock-like enclosure in which a house is situated."

with which the Snooks and the Browns of this world have garnished this said book; but the sick man—what shall he do, except vainly wish it was evening, that he might be in his palki, and again struggling with the waters, and again wishing it were morning?"

It would be a great mistake to imagine that Oakfield is half as abstract as we have unfortunately permitted our comments upon it to become. It is not without some vivid incident. The crisis of the book, so far as it has one, turns upon Oakfield's moral courage in refusing to fight with a brother officer, Lieutenant Stafford, who had grossly insulted and then challenged him. We have our own doubts as to the abstract equity of Ensign Oakfield's conduct on that occasion to Lieutenant Straddles, who is the bearer of the insolent challenge. While the former was justified in pushing the impertinent young man out of his way, there was probably some of the energy of personal temper in the repeated "blows with a whip," to which, however, we only allude, because this fact does not appear to trouble the conscientious man in his after-thought, as much as it reasonably might have done. Ensign Oakfield's moral courage does not make its own way with his regiment, or win him any respect, until the Indian campaign gives him a means of proving his physical courage. We do not see, however, that this is any defect in the book. The army is not described as in a state of cultivation high enough to understand Christian qualities;—of physical cowardice they *could* see the shamefulness, and only when they ceased to suspect *that*, could any better influence have begun to work. At a time when the nerveless moral ideas of the peace party are again paraded in England, it will be of some interest to our readers to see the delineation by this able writer of the moral influence of a campaign upon troops hitherto degraded by inaction. Does it not, at least, prove that even a work of physical destruction is not so injurious as the idle pursuit of selfish enjoyment? Yet the latter pursuit, we are often told, is innocent and laudable, while the former is "the concentration of all human crimes." We have said enough to explain the allusions to Oakfield's private circumstances.

"Oakfield was spending the day as usual in Stanton's tent when the intelligence that his regiment was ordered to march reached him. He hastened home, home being the ground occupied by his

own corps, and by his own tent, *par excellence*, and at midnight the detached force began its march. It was a calm but very cold night ; Oakfield rode along silently, wrapped in his cloak, amply engaged in looking at the stars, and with his own reflections. He had been greatly struck, during the few weeks of his experience, by the difference between an army in cantonments and an army in the field, and the vast superiority of the latter ; and he came to the conclusion that the cause of this superiority consisted principally in the fact that an army in the field was at work, that work involved seriousness, that seriousness to a certain extent induced reflection, and that reflection in some degree dissolved the wretched tie of a wretched public opinion, and called forth something of individual character and independent action : that although the individual character so brought to light might be, and most probably in most instances was, weak and bad, yet the character of few or none was individually so bad as that most wretched and contemptible aggregate of weakness and evil which at other times asserted its coarse domination. He was struck, and half amused, at the manner in which this nascent independence evinced itself in his own case ; how greatly the bitterness subsided, now that men ventured to think and act a little for themselves ; the majority, hitherto passive imitators, followed their own bent, and returned, not indeed to anything like intimacy or cordiality, for that had never existed, but to commonly civil intercourse ; while those only who, like Stafford and Straddles, entertained a real feeling of active animosity, kept up a sullen silence. Ought Oakfield to have allowed this arbitrary return to intercourse after so many weeks of equally arbitrary excommunication ? Ought he to have required some apology, some explanation of the treatment he met with ? He thought not. He perfectly understood the cause of the excommunication, he appreciated and allowed for the weakness, the timid following of others, which had made it general ; he understood, also, and felt willing to help forward rather than thwart the good influences which now led to a change. ‘ Besides,’ he thought, ‘ if I professed to think so lightly of the ban of exclusion, nay, let me do myself justice, if I *did* think lightly of it, why should I pretend to make a fuss about its removal ? I have not conceded an inch of the cause I took up ; that is enough for me. I need not busy myself about my personal dignity ; that will take care of itself, I dare say. “ What we owe to ourselves ! ” oh, much-abused phrase ! I fancy we owe a good deal less than we pay in that quarter ; a very large credit balance there, I imagine, with most of us.’

“ So Oakfield evinced no surprise when first one officer, then another, asked him to drink beer* at mess, as a kind of tacit sus-

* “ Equivalent to the English custom of drinking wine with a person.”

pension of hostilities; and although Stafford and Co. were loud in their condemnation of such meanness, such want of self-respect, &c., yet the majority felt, and some acknowledged that this was of a piece with the rest of Oakfield's conduct, and they accepted his being so open to conciliation now, when it would have been so easy to hold out and turn sulky, as a part proof of his having been consistent and sincere throughout. In fact, the impression which had obtained for a time during his trial, but which had given way to standing prejudices, began to revive; viz., that Oakfield was a queer sort of fellow, who took his own view of things, and did not care what other people thought of him. 'And yet,' said Perkins, who had distinguished himself in the Sulej campaign on one occasion, 'I shall be glad to see how he carries himself in action.' Perhaps this thought had occurred to Oakfield too."

"Then followed an anxious and a vacant mouth; while the enemy remained secure in his jungle-retreat about Mooney and Russol, daily adding to the difficulties and defensive properties of the ground he had selected, the British army remained in comparative inactivity, with the exception of almost daily reconnaissances and counter projects to defeat the cunning and activity of the enemy in escheating their camels.

"So the two enemies lay, looking at each other, the Sikhs awaiting the arrival of Chutter Singh, when he should have reduced Attok: the British looking out for the army which was to reinforce them upon the downfall of Mooltan—but though there was thus little stirring in the way of actual warfare, yet an army on the *qui vive* in presence of the enemy is seldom dull. Constant rumours created an unfading interest for those who live upon such things; the stroll about camp in the morning, the repetition of it in the evening, hearing upon each occasion new anecdotes, new reports, new prophecies, new croakings; the social parties at mess in the evening, when each regiment was drawn together by a bond of fellowship different enough from the slack one that had held them in cantonments; all this, together with such books as could be mustered, to be passed from hand to hand; above all, the consciousness that whatever might have been said in the Sadoolapoor despatch, the real work of the campaign was still to come, helped out those short December and January days quickly, and not unpleasantly.

"To Oakfield the life was all agreeable, for it was new, and besides this, to a contemplative admirer of Carlyle, the self-possessed energy, the silent intention to attain its point and do its work, in short the genuineness of an army in the field, was an engaging spectacle. He passed much of his time with Stanton and amongst the artillery officers, and made other acquaintance also in camp, one especially, an old chum of Stanton, Jenkins, now on the Com-

mander-in-chief's staff, a great authority in the midst of the thousand and one rumours that day by day were born, flourished, subsided, and died. His old friends, too, the 81st, were in camp, and he found them quite ready to forget old differences; all except Cade, who was an intimate friend of Stafford's, and fraternised with him most determinedly. But the others remembered Oakfield principally in connection with Vernon, and his kindness and friendship to their brother officer had left an impression on them all, while other things were forgotten.

"In fact, Oakfield found himself after his long solitude, being strangely forced into social habits, and although he still sought in vain, and still regretted the absence of that moral earnestness which should give its character to war as to everything else, yet he was willing to accept, as a far better substitute for this than any he had yet found, the physical earnestness (if the expression may be allowed) which did certainly animate and elevate, far above their ordinary level, those around him."

Here we must conclude our notice of a book which has encouraged us more than anything which Oxford has yet produced, to hope that Dr. Arnold's faith may yet become ascendant in the Church, and in that great University which still marks the highest tide-line of our English cultivation. Even the sadness of the book has a charm of its own. It is only too rare to see the sense of duty transcend the sense of power. It is an evil sign when men revel in an "unchartered freedom," and can no longer feel any burden in "the weight of chance-desires." Unfortunately all rich intellectual power has for a long time been accustomed to take its own caprice for law. The sadness of Oakfield is the sadness of a mind waiting for its task, and, therefore, a sadness which must pass away. There is a far deeper sadness in the spectacle of so many who cannot choose between an arbitrary guide and no guide at all—between superstition and lawlessness; who cannot reject the guidance of man without tearing themselves away from God.